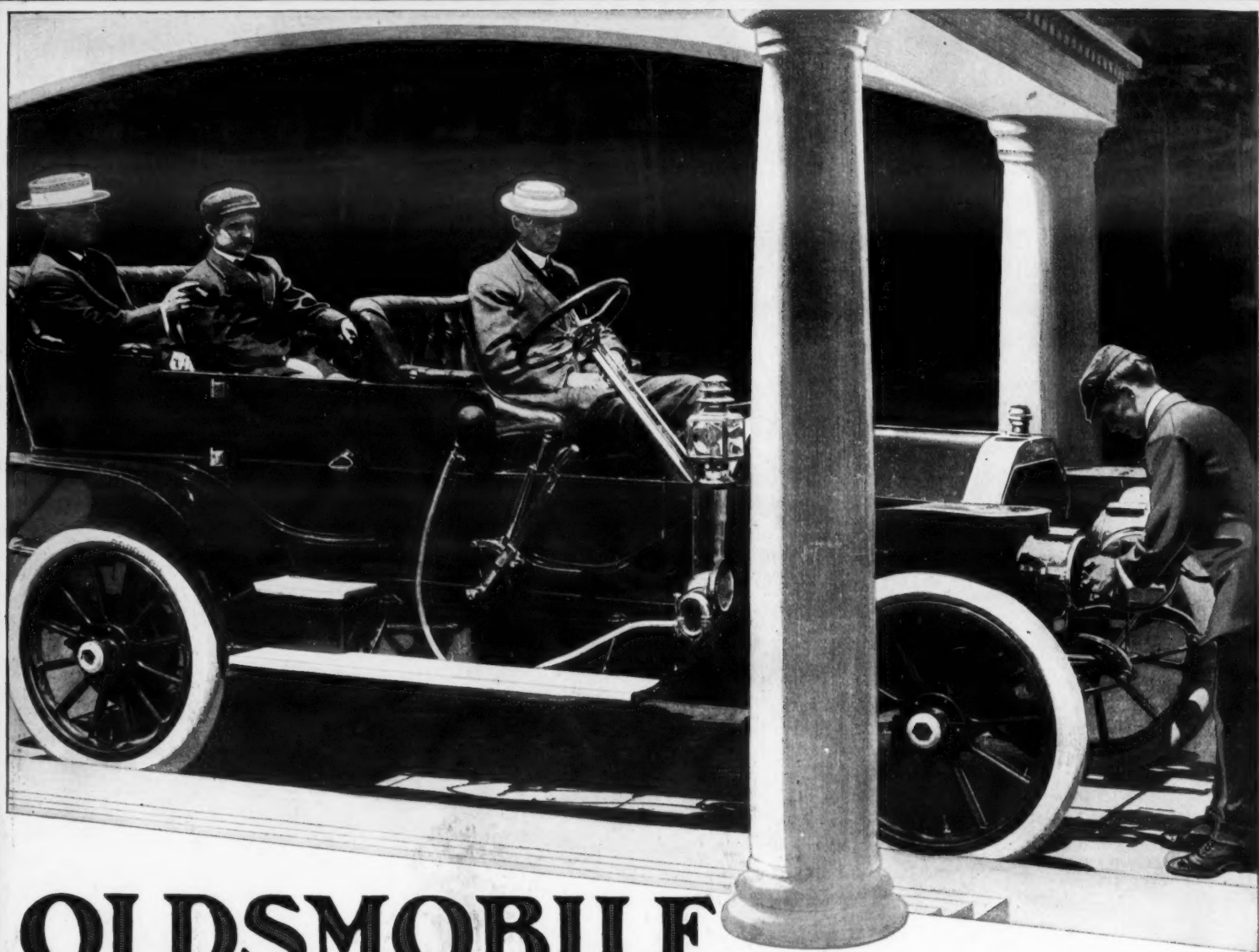


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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY





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 Saturday, June 27, 1908

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 27, 1908



July 4 Convention Number

Next week's Collier's will contain photographs, descriptive accounts, and interpretations of the Republican Chicago Convention. The Convention Hall was dotted with members of the Collier staff, alert to check off the happenings at every angle.

The Democratic Convention

The Collier staff will then take their westward way to the Democratic Convention, and assay men and measures for a later issue. One of the dominant figures at Denver is "Fingy" Conners, State Chairman of the New York Democracy. His picturesque rise from scrapper to statesman is told in a humorous, accurate, human-interest article in next week's Collier's by Will Irvin. He is described as a dock-hand, freight contractor, and millionaire. The tale of how he split the scalp of a Pole laborer is given, and the manner described of his jump from cowhide boots through brogans to spats.

"When life in his own saloon became too peaceful and wearisome, he used to sally forth at the head of his toughs, among whom he was king by right of might, and clean out the saloon of some dirty Democrat—for he was a Republican at the time."

Then follows the story of how he lost his thumb and won his nickname. His mouth is full of epigrams. To a rival freight agent he said:

"Wot you'll learn is that I am It and youse is 'Nit.'"

Although a man of the people, he certainly was hard on the unions, and a thousand organized dock laborers cheered for fair when Father Cronin said:

"The diamonds he wears are crystallized tears of your women."

Once Conners presented his newspaper pass to the conductor of an Erie train. This person did not look to the conductor like "William J. Conners, Proprietor Buffalo Courier," and he said so. Conners, heated, roared at him. At the next station the conductor wired to the proper authorities:

"Man representing himself as William J. Conners presents Conners's pass. Think he is a 'fake'. Looks like a prize-fighter and talks like a tough."

Back came the answer: "That's him."

Bryan as a Speechmaker

William Jennings Bryan is dealt with in next week's Collier's in a two-part article on "Bryan as a Speechmaker." It is a cordial tribute to the man—his energy, and earnestness, and human, lovable qualities.

"It is estimated that 5,000,000 people heard Bryan during the campaign of 1896. He has, in all probability, spoken to more people than any other man in history."

The Chautauqua is given as the reason of Bryan's long, close grip on the people's heart and head. Bryan talked to 300,000 people during the Chautauqua season of 1907. We learn how Mr. Bryan picked the pocket of a sleeping detective, deftly removing the watch and chain.

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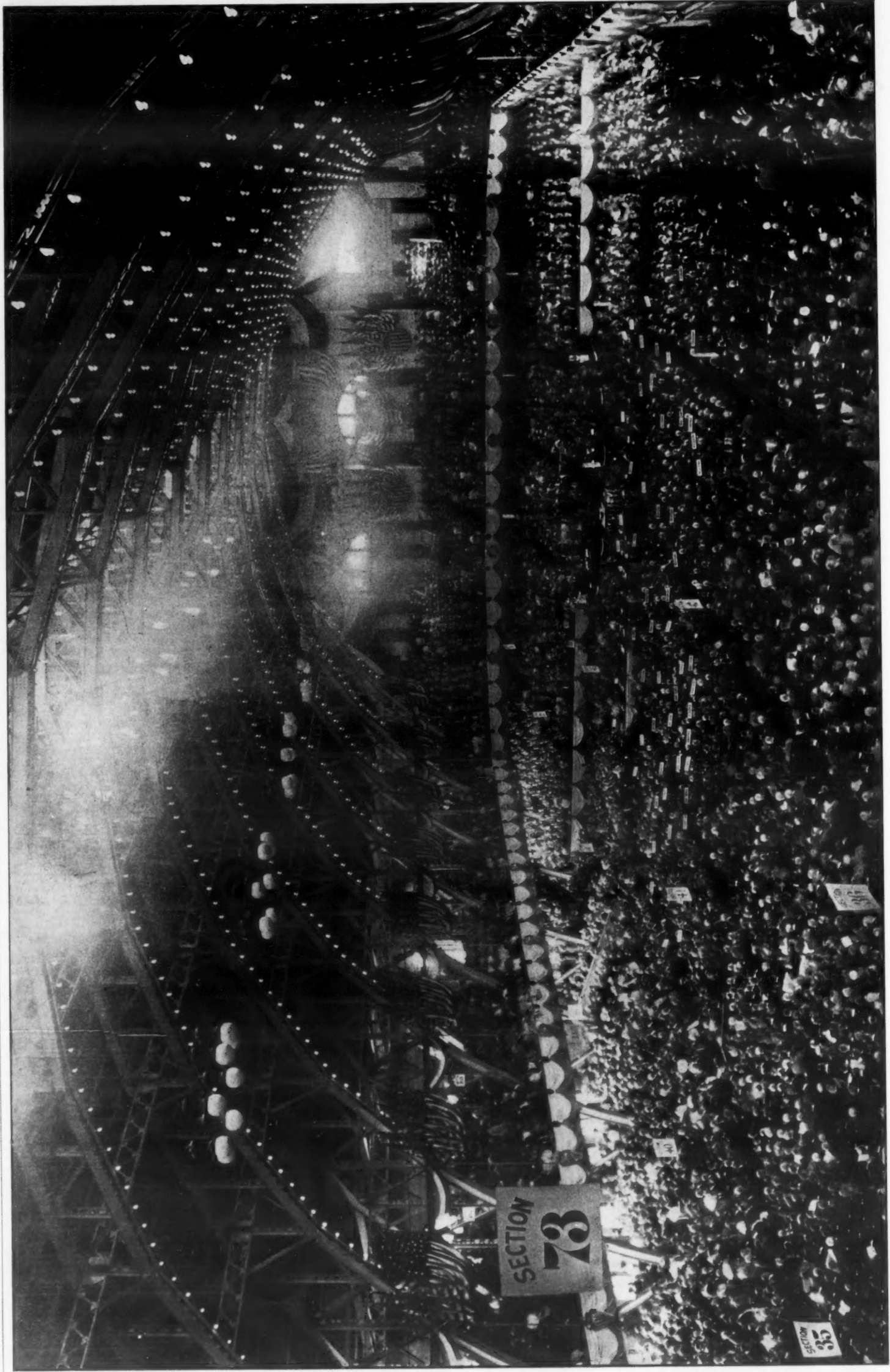
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Collier's

Vol XLI No 14

The National Weekly

June 27 1908



MY CONCEPTION OF THE PRESIDENCY

By WILLIAM H. TAFT, *Nominated at the Republican National Convention at Chicago for President of the United States*

IN THE four years that I have been a member of the Cabinet I have become familiar enough with the responsibilities and burdens of the Presidency to know that no man can afford unduly to seek that great office. If he is attracted by honor and power alone, without the hope of being useful, he is unworthy of the honor and unfit for the use of the power. He must prefer for the sake of his own peace of mind never to be President to being a poor President. Confident that the platform on which he stands is for the best interests of the nation, he is untrue to himself and his supporters if he does not fight valiantly for election after he accepts the leadership. But, of course, he must draw the line at any compact which will not leave him free of promises and of the control of any faction.

The President's duties, clearly outlined by the Constitution, have grown broader in their interpretation with the growth of the country. He should be in the prime of years, health, and vigor. The capacity for hard work is a better equipment than genius in mastering the essentials of all the departments of the Government and undergoing the strain of countless interviews. He should look not only to those in office but to those out of office in all branches of private activity for information and opinion, in order that he may arrive at the truth when he is surrounded by the conflict of interests which come to him with the fair words of the special pleader.

In many senses, though the most sought after, he is the loneliest man in the United States. Elected directly by the people, their representative head, from them, in the sober thought of the majority, he will get his best counsel. They, as a whole, view public affairs unselfishly. Though indifference or preoccupation with private affairs may keep them from attending primaries or scanning closely either candidate or measures, they can centre on the President as their instrument the expression of their wishes. He should be always near the people in thought and as near them in person as his position will permit. In common with the people, he is human and he must ask their charity for his mistakes. When they have ceased to believe in his sincerity and uprightness of purpose, his is a cheerless task. Once convinced that he has divined and is carrying out their real wish, neither elated by any ephemeral outburst of applause nor diverted by any outburst of censure, he must proceed unwaveringly, always by lawful methods, to the accomplishment of the popular will.

From Washington he may learn nobility, fortitude, and forthrightness. Lincoln's life and speeches must be his source of inspiration when he is misunderstood and he has to say to himself, "Patience and cheer." It is easier since we had Lincoln than it was before to be a good President. He set a standard.

It remained for Roosevelt to prove how the people will respond to a strong and true leadership when the hour has come for great reforms. The policies which he inaugurated must be continued and developed. They are right and they are the policies of the people. For that reason his successor may well disregard any charge of lack of originality if he does not make an entirely new program of his own.

A President at this time has work before him clearly defined. The enforcement of the law, equally against high and low, the powerful and the weak, should be his first thought. The danger to our country from laxity or favoritism in this is the greatest one we have to face. The conservation of our national resources and their development for the use of all along the lines of equal opportunity, too, must command his immediate attention. It should be his aim to give high tone to his administration as Mr. Roosevelt has by surrounding himself with men of earnest, enthusiastic interest in the public weal and of the cleanest but most effective methods.

EDITORIALS

A Summer Prologue



WHICH DO YOU PREFER, politics or mosquitoes? We intend discussing both, and you, poor reader, are fain compelled to listen. All we can do for you is to put first the topic which you will perhaps receive with the less discomfort. Some may mistake this for a languid struggle after silly-season humor. Actually it shadows the deepest of conviction. Sir RICHARD STEELE, wondering why politics was discussed above all other topics, traced it to a general absence of interests, knowledge, and ideas. As we are facing four months of more than the usual volume of political harangue, we sincerely feel like discussing beets, Directoire skirts, drink, hot weather, art, and the boll-weevil, although we shall lack the courage to cut out politics altogether, even while we are waiting for the Denver Convention to save the land. It was JONATHAN SWIFT who said that the man who can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow on the spot where only one grew before deserves better of mankind than the whole race of politicians put together. What shall we say, then, of the man who can make no mosquito grow where several billion grew before?

Mosquitoes

THERE ARE MANY WHO SEE the world as a place contrived for the comfort and entertainment of the animal known as man. To such, great has been the difficulty always of accounting for ticks, fish-hooks, indigestion, pip, and monologues. High in the scale of puzzles for the ethical has ever been that feature of life which serves as a heading to this discourse. If the mosquito exists for his own benefit, far be it from us to pass upon his merits. As an adjunct to our own existence, however, he leaves much to be desired. Following the urgency of the enlightened Board of Health of Brookline, Massachusetts, we distribute clamor to the following effect: Trouble with mosquitoes about your house indicates standing water on or near your premises. If you have a live board of health, request its aid. If not, proceed yourself to do your part. Mosquitoes do not breed in grass, but rank grasses and weeds afford a safe shelter for the adult insects. Therefore cut them close. The mosquito is bred in water only. Catch-basins, cesspools, barrels, garbage-buckets, tubs, pails, water-troughs, flower-pots, cans, bottles, boxes, defective house gutters, and undrained stable cellars are often the origin of his life on earth. Unfrequented places in back yards, vacant lots, alleys, sheds, and underneath verandas are often full of receptacles which should be removed. If a barrel or bucket or other receptacle must contain water, it should be emptied and washed out every few days, or else covered or tightly screened. Catch-basins and cesspools should be oiled every two weeks. House gutters should be cleaned out. If you will do these things, it may be hard upon the innocent mosquito, but it will be better for your own health, utility, and peace of mind.

Aquamania

ALCOHOL MUST BE a powerful stimulant, as has been observed, since it excites those who do not take it almost as much as those who do. We observe the declaration, from a public platform, by a vice-president of the American Society for the Study of Inebriety, that the excessive use of water may become a habit, bad and dangerous, which addiction he proceeds to dub "aquamania." Doubtless he would call the devotees of METCHNIKOFF's sour milk "lactomaniaes," and the adherents of Fletcherism "salivomaniaes." The enthusiastic penologist is sure that criminality is increasing far more rapidly than the population. A certain type of alienist declares that insanity is increasing rapidly, and that the vast majority are more or less insane. The students of alcoholism, both lay and professional, have been long convinced that this curse is bound ultimately to wipe us out of existence. Meanwhile the old world jogs along. The percentage of the population actually in jail grows less. Insanity has never yet affected more than one in three hundred. And drunkenness is steadily diminishing. There is trouble in the world, but still more in the eye of the too excited critic.

It Was a Dream

SPEAKING OF DRINK, our sleep was filled the other night with imaginings of how Mr. TAFT must feel. On one incident the protagonist in our dreaming spoke as follows: "Human nature in politics has its peculiar sides. Won't somebody please lend me a kicking machine? I'm in need of one. Evidently I have a good deal to learn. Look at that Grant speech, as an example. Why should I attack GRANT? My father was in his Cabinet when I was in college. I heard a great deal of him and learned to share my father's admiration. But GRANT was human, and this was the point I aimed to make. After having to leave the army for drunkenness he was able to overcome his weakness by sheer will-power. He did not set out in life to be a soldier, and he went to West Point because it

offered a Western boy an opportunity for an education. His tastes were not for a military career. He was not by nature a man of war. When his country needed him, he rose superior to his old self and performed the great work to which he was called. All this seemed to me to carry a lesson for other men, and to be to the eternal credit of GRANT. Did you see FORAKER's interview? He couldn't resist the opportunity, could he? My father a member of GRANT's Cabinet, they make me an assailer of GRANT. My father a staunch Abolitionist, I am an enemy of the negro race. Personally, I would as soon eat with a well-mannered negro, if he were respectable, as anybody else. I've never been able to share in prejudices of that kind. But I do consider that, as a matter of policy, for the best interest of both races in the South, it would be a mistake for the President to inflame social passions at this time by dining with a negro."

Drink, Then and Now

RETURNING TO THE TEMPERANCE POINT, the visitor of our dream proceeded to explain that, in GRANT's day, hard drinking was much more nearly universal, especially in the army and navy. Such drinking as was common among officers in the Civil War would be inconceivable in a great American war to-day. Long-range rifles have ended the drink of whisky before the charge. The driver of a stage-coach was often half-seas over, but the engineer of a locomotive must not be. Chauffeurs must be sober. The machine everywhere demands sobriety. It is the great temperance reformer. If GRANT had entered the academy at West Point or Annapolis in our time, the practise of his profession in its modern technical requirements—so different from the old, hard-living Western days—would have engrossed him. The navy is full as clear an illustration of changed standards as the army is. You have only to read GRANT's orders, clear, specific, and taking into account all emergencies, to realize that, if he were in the navy to-day, with its manifold activities of organization, and of study to keep up with the improvement in arms and armor and appliances, he would be one of the leading minds by sheer force of natural endowments. In the present navy there is almost no drinking, except by some officers at meals. In the old sailing navy, with its simplicity of unintellectual routine, hard drinking was the rule.

On Being Born a Widow

MAKING GUESSES at what one would like to do, or be, is one of the diversions which spring eternal. The form, however, changes with the age. It is noteworthy that each among several ladies of our acquaintance has recently expressed a preference for being born a widow; not that alone, but a rich young widow with several children. To such a woman the married state appeals more strongly than the paternal roof. She likes her own home and her own life, and she has a deep-laid need of children. What matrimony stands for is all charming except the husband. To our rather limited sense of humor this wish constitutes a moderately good joke, and, no doubt, there is some little truth in the theme of "Man and Superman"—that to a woman her husband is only a means. Such works of art as this of SHAW's are akin in quality to the born-a-widow jest. The truth which they contain is just little enough to make them rather funny. One of the straws on the current of the day is the number of plays and novels that approach critically such lasting social facts as matrimony. ANTHONY HOPE, some years ago, wrote "Double Harness," and later we have noticed titles like "The Helpmate," "Together," "The Bond," naming books in which the institution is reviewed. AMÉLIE RIVES's latest story, "The Golden Rose," tells of a widow who loved again, but loved with vague aspiration, with a passion for the abstract. She, in the author's language, was "a white moth, type eternal of the dauntless valor of winged souls, trying to beat back with its fragile wings a prairie fire." This happened to remind us of what KEATS wrote to FANNY BRAWNE: "I have met with women whom I really think would like to be married to a poem." Sometimes it is this unreality of sentiment that makes the facts of married life too hard; sometimes it is a more unlovely flaw. The truth about matrimony is many-sided, and old JOHNSON's statement should not stand alone, but he brought forth a large nugget when he declared: "Every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state," and the statement is even more nearly true of woman.

Importance

GOOD NEWS from the other side at any rate. In the present situation, reassurance could scarcely come in stronger form than that presented by a New York "Times" special cable despatch from Paris. To the steeplechases at Auteuil, "SCHUYLER PARSON, associate of the late WILLIAM YERKES, drove out alone in a victoria." The customary bodyguard omitted, not even a man to hold him up. The statement is categorical. He sat alone, dauntless and unafraid, the true American. "Mrs. BELMONT had a hat trimmed with purple; Mrs. VANDERBILT's hat was black and white." Of course, as Sir Roger remarked, much could be said on both sides. Had the purple trimming been transferred to the black and white hat, or had Mrs. VANDERBILT— But, of course, all such speculations are unimportant compared with the testimony of Mr. FISCHOFF's horse, Dandalo. Dandalo won the grand

steeplechase in spite of the evident distraction imposed by the confusing difference in the trimming of the two hats. The "Times's" correspondent, although writing in the first person and thus laying himself dangerously open to identification, is strangely silent on this point. "I," he says, "also saw LOUIS SHERRY, HARRY ALLEN, and SAMUEL ZUCKER." Moreover, "Mr. and Mrs. B. B. KIRKLAND changed their program and lunched at the Ritz," and "Mrs. P. W. ROBERTS of Boston wore a dress with blue and white checks." In spite of these startling and obviously disturbing phenomena, Dandolo won.

Not Plagiarism

IT WAS CHESTERTON who wrote these sentences:

"The humanitarians said that the world was growing more merciful, and, therefore, no one would ever have a desire to kill. And Mr. MICK not only became a vegetarian, but at length declared vegetarianism doomed ('shedding,' as he called it finely, 'the green blood of the silent animals'), and predicted that men in a better age would live on nothing but salt. And then came the pamphlet from Oregon (where the thing was tried), the pamphlet called 'Why Should Salt Suffer?' and there was more trouble."

This would look like plagiarism from us by Mr. CHESTERTON, except that it was written before our own similar efforts. It is, therefore, a case of powerful intellects in one channel.

Dramatic History

THE BURNING of the Drury Lane Theatre, London, has put an end to the plans of ANNA HELD for a summer engagement at that playhouse. She was to have appeared there in a new version of 'The Parisian Model.' So speaks the press agent, but Drury Lane has survived similar afflictions. That playhouse has more than once sprung Phoenix-like from its ashes. In the first theatre of the name acted BETTERTON, MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, COLLEY CIBBER. Later comes RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, as a manager, and GARRICK, PEG WOFFINGTON, and Mrs. SIDONS. A cycle later EDMUND KEAN (whose acting COLERIDGE said, in one of the phrases that live, was like reading SHAKESPEARE by flashes of lightning), MACREADY, and, in our own day, Sir HENRY IRVING. Too bad ANNA HELD could not be added to this list!

Old Graduates

BEHOLD A TRILOGY. We have had our word about two June types—the examination-ridden Senior and the eternally sweet girl graduate. Let there enter now the Old Graduate. His twenty-fifth reunion finds him wandering back into the "Campus," "Quad," "Yard," or whatever he calls the green site on which he meets his former comrades, now curiously disguised in thin or grizzled hair, or with bodies of huge girth. Among them he discusses neither Greek particles nor corners in wheat, but reminisces volubly on the days when

"Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all."

When the Old Graduate genuinely feels young again he is an attractive sight, even if his spirits result in leap-frog and in puffy struggles to steal second base. There is, however, another side to the Old Graduate which is less attractive. He frequently assumes a joviality that is not his, and thereby loses dignity without gaining zest. A man of forty or fifty is affected when he expresses himself with the same noise as a man of twenty, and he sometimes seeks artificial aid in the production of this noise. Also "dry drunks" at reunion dinners are at least as frequent as intelligence or wit.

Future of the South

SOME DAY THE SOUTH will come into its own. Virginia, with its iron and coal, its sea-coast and bluegrass land, has greater natural resources than Indiana, although less wealth. American farmers are moving away to Canada and paying high prices for land less potential than could be bought for a nominal price in Southern States, where the crop-growing season is twice as long. We have always thought a main obstacle to the South's making wealth out of its splendid resources was the inefficiency of its principal supply of labor. Probably there is something also in the cause pointed out by the Atlanta "Constitution":

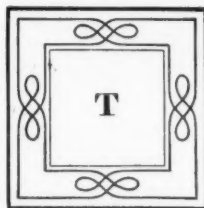
"If it be true, as RICHARD H. EDMUNDS charges, that we have of our own accord, perhaps in the heat of prejudice, perhaps in the overzeal of righteousness, penalized the capital that is needed in each individual line of business, the remedy is clear as day."

Unquestionable it is that the South's credit is poor in quarters from which investment money flows. This is because capital invested in the South has come to harm in ways outside normal risks. For the bonds officially repudiated by many Southern States, every borrower of money there pays one or two per cent more than his Northern competitor. Some of those bonds were the grossest embezzlements; but others were just obligations. A Governor of Mississippi refused to pay because the bonds had passed to the ROTHSCHILDS, and their race crucified CHRIST, which was making the statute of limitations considerably elastic. A stable and efficient labor supply, and the ability to borrow very large sums on the same terms as other communities, would make the South prosperous and rich.

A Year of No-License; and What the Women Said

By EMMA BRUSH

To this essay was awarded the first prize of \$100 in the "Saloon in Our Town" contest. It was selected out of 3,000 manuscripts submitted. From week to week we shall publish other papers of equal brevity dealing with the saloon from every view-point



THE women have been congregating unusually of late in our southern tier New York town, and a wise one, with ten words, has turned the ordinary clattery-spattery thought bubbling into a stream. She said: "Last month ended our first no-license year. What of it?"

It may be worth noting that no woman, in the discussion engendered, has backed up against any man's fireside, smoke-ringed opinion in the matter. Perhaps this feminine lone-thinking carries in itself

the first modest tally-one for the new order.

The lineman's wife, who has lived in many places, emitted the first rounded opinion: "We had the best saloons in the State, I think. Where else would a saloon-keeper come, as did Mr. Kern, and tell me my boy was there too much? I'd rather my husband would stop in at a place like that than to be finding bottles about the house, as I do now."

The next clear word came from a farm four miles in the hills. Only strong feeling and long thought could have pulled the quiet woman out to say: "I will come down and work day and night, any way I can, on my knees in the street if need be, to hold the town dry. You know why. It's been a new kind of year for us—the first prospering one in ten. Yes, there's more hard cider drunk—sometimes too much—and every one knows how it was last Fourth. But the habit is broken—the habit of running to town, with all its paltry excuses, deserted work and miserable night hours of waiting, keeping us all poor, sick, and sour. Oh! it's been a good year, up our way—a new kind of year for us."

"Best of all, I think, and my girls think so, too," said Mrs. Van Ness, "is the feeling—the clean feeling as one walks the town. No more dodging round to avoid Hanson's and the other corners. They may be drinking just behind the walls, but the streets are ours now anyway, and the place somehow has a different feel to me—clearer, prouder—and my girls notice it too."

"Those that want it will get it," said the lineman's wife. "Mrs. Hurd's Bennie was carried home helpless Saturday night."

"And the mother takes it cheerfully," broke in Mrs. Hurd's neighbor. "What's a spree now and then?" says Mrs. Hurd. "It's the dribble-dribble, so many a day and increasing every year, that breaks the hearts. Bennie's all right; it will be a long time before he'll want to be so sick again. A man's got to blow off every so often, somehow; and we can take that and laugh. But it's the coming with four drinks in every night that eats the vitals out of a home—and then eats the home. And that's the saloon every time. I've lived them both, and I'm for the spree."

So the talk has run. But for the most part the women have become unwontedly cautious and thoughtful, knowing as never before that the problem is a little more than half theirs. The sudden change in our little civic machine caught some fingers, even crushed and crippled in rare places. Some fine dreams have gone up and out like our yard-engine smoke; and we could wish that many of our last year's brave predictions and promises had been less loudly voiced.

We know that drink is being sold, as in rear rooms at the lower hotel, by one druggist, strangely at the harness-shop, and at a farm a mile out. We know that the drinkers will drink, our old liars will go on lying, our consumptives are bound to cough. But youth! youth remains to us! Youth is the field—the hope of all temperance. Somewhere, in youth, the drinkers learned to drink, in saloons, and, with few exceptions, not readily, but through repeated sicknesses, pains, mental and physical disgusts, self-denunciations, kept on because the path was well graded and nearly respectable, and the others were going that way, until the body and mind adjusted themselves to the new conditions, and another habit climbed to the driver's seat and laid life-long hand upon the steering-gear.

I knew a man in the country who formed the habit of going each night after supper to a neighbor's porch and just sitting, with nothing to give or take. When the neighbors moved, leaving the house empty, he still went to the porch. After the house burned he would go and sit on the wall.

We had good saloons, if one may so use the words. The keepers and their families were our friends and neighbors. But they were too many, they grew insidiously upon us. They took the best corners; they interpenetrated and clutched the town. Their hold was increasing upon all the forces of our lives. But, worst of all, they stood open there day and night to our youth—easy schools of habit, with no entrance requirements and minimum fees—sanctioned by us, apparently.

And now, a year without them—and what of it? Well, no one disputes that the gross quantity of alcoholics consumed in the community—farms and quarries and all—is greatly diminished; a definite physiological gain, anyway. The confirmed drinkers have drunk less and been drunk more times. The doctors tell us that's better for them. Some have shown considerable periods of sobriety. The wives generally, with Mrs. Hurd, prefer the "spree" career. Variety, even in pusillanimity, is worth something. Hard cider has been in increased demand, and one thoughtful tourist son sent to his disgruntled and dyspeptic father a full hoghead of Jamaica rum. Only the stomach pump saved some of them after this. But to our young men with habits forming (and our girls are, of course, equally involved), with too much mother-feeling yet, and blood, to sneak for drinks, who were going to the bar because the man ahead went—to these we turn and find such a year's record of advancement, and social good-living, of increased town pride and athletic success and right marrying, that for these alone we are ready, with the farmer's wife, to go down in the dirt to keep the saloon from reestablishment in our town.

John Johnson of St. Peter and St. Paul

By

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Telling of the boy who carried the wash for his mother; the drug clerk, the editor, and the Governor

In St. Peter



SIX years ago the lank editor of a country newspaper in St. Peter, Minnesota, sat in his dingy sanctum, writing a column of local items—a column of those unimportant commonplaces which concern unimportant persons who have been doing unimportant things. After a moment's pause, in which the editor's long brown fingers held the yellow pencil suspended above that paper upon which several squares had been idly drawn, the broad, bony shoulders shrugged slightly and the scowl upon the long, serious face relaxed into a peculiar and typical little smile. The editor had let his mind wander to his recent defeat for State Senator. Politics were good fun—especially when one could win. It was a bit irritating to be beaten by forty votes. Possibly it meant that one's political career was a case for the coroner. Perhaps Fate had decided that the rest of the editor's life should be spent in making a pretty good little paper of the "Herald" and in floating down the sleepy stream of St. Peter's affairs.

Johnson himself sincerely believes that his own life history is uninteresting. Said he: "You may go to my home town, St. Peter, and ask them about it. You won't find many funny stories about me." His rather sad face took on new sadness. "Life was not very funny," he went on. "There was nothing very romantic in my life." He waved a long arm and gazed steadily out of his eyes, which are very blue and Scandinavian. "It was prosaic. They will tell you so in St. Peter. I've lived all my life there."

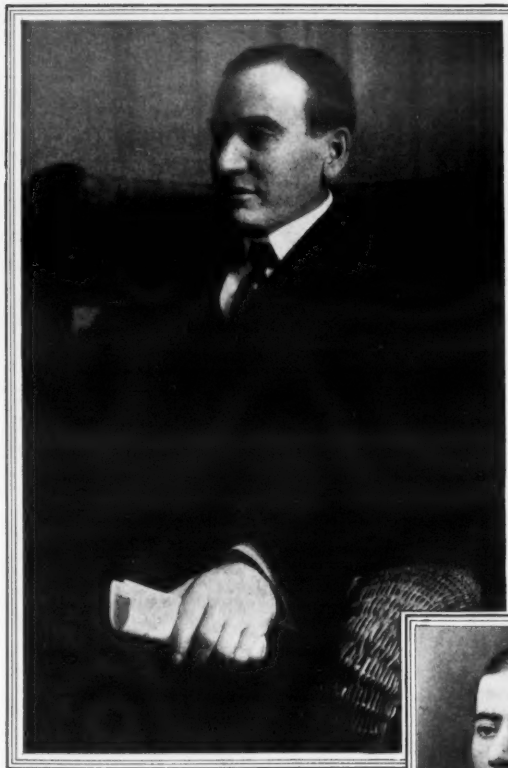
Johnson was born there in 1861. The emigrant mother, a Swedish woman, showed the baby to its father, who was an emigrant Swedish man, and they were proud of it. There were other babies, too. They loved them all. The Swedish emigrant and pioneer and blacksmith took the youngster in his begrimed hands and grunted at it. And Fate, who was present, enjoyed the situation hugely.

One follows Johnson's advice and goes to St. Peter; and in St. Peter the Probate Judge comes out into the sunlight of the court-house steps to talk about this little unimportant John of years ago. He sniffs the soft air, and, affected by the dreaminess of memories and spring, watches the maple blossoms come down on to the shaded walk with half-closed eyes. "His father was named Gustaf," says he, "and he was a short, stocky man with much beard. John, the Governor, doesn't take after him. He takes after his mother. She was thin and tall—with character in her face—a good woman—a good woman—a patient, unfortunate woman. Yes, she just lived to see her boy Governor of this State. Oh, she was proud of him! She was rewarded. The father, Gustaf, was no account—a drunkard—the laughing-stock of the town: he died in the almshouse. The town had got sick of having him around. I wouldn't say anything about that if it weren't for the fact that nearly everybody in the country knows about it. The Republicans sent it around in circulars when John was up for election. It did them a lot of harm."

"And the Johnson family had a hard time," he will go on. "There were six children and very little money. The Governor delivered his mother's washing to the neighbors. Yes, that is all true. He wasn't a very extraordinary boy—just a good boy."

"Life was not very funny for him. No, he was taken out of school when he was thirteen. His mother? Oh, she wanted him to go right on getting a schooling. Circumstances took him out of school. He left and went to work on her account, and made ten dollars a month. He was just a good boy." The Judge laughs again, rubbing his knees with white and wrinkled hands. "That's nothing against him though. He was too busy to be in any pranks. He read books at night. Henry, the druggist, employed him later. He will tell you."

Henry is Henry Jones. Long ago he sold out his drug store in St. Peter. But it used to be the meeting-place of all those gatherings that—to follow the conventional idea—should take place around the big-bellied stove in the village grocery, and there is no reason why these gatherings, congregations, assemblies, discussions, orations, bickerings, hair-splittings, and debates should have taken place in the St. Peter drug store instead. It must have just happened so, for St.



Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota as he looks to-day and as he appeared at the age of twenty-one

Peter looks exactly like a town in New Hampshire, or a village in Kentucky. Jones had the stove—the round, winter afternoon and evening, foot-warming, finger-thawing stove, and his store had a front door and a back door, so that the breeze swept through in summer. Gray-haired men came and sat in the wooden chairs and leaned forward on their chairs or clasped their knees and had their say.

"I am getting along in years," Mr. Jones will say, "and I don't remember all I did once. But I remember John was a good employee. His teacher said he cried because he was leaving school, but first he went into a general store and then he came into mine and took hold in good shape."

The old apothecary pauses. For many moments he fondles the arms of his chair. Then a smile flickers into a chuckle.

"He used to like to go to dances," he says quickly. "He liked girls. Not individually in those days, just collectively. And I remember of his taking a young lady down to a dance in Mankato. It was some time after he had got into long trousers. Well, he'd had a cold, and he came down that morning before the dance and asked me for a mustard plaster. He wanted to put it on his chest. And I said to him: 'Do you want a vertical or a horizontal mustard plaster?' He just screwed up that mouth of his—you know the way he does—and looked at me. So I said: 'A bean-pole like you ought only to wear vertical mustard plasters,' and I gave him a square one. He put it on."

"I didn't see him till late, when he'd come home from the dance. 'How's your cold, son?' I said. He was almost bent double. 'Well,' said he, 'I went down to Mankato and danced around and got the worst pain in my stomach you ever saw, and I took enough Squibbs mixture to cure forty stomach-aches.'

"Where is your pain, son?" said I. "Here," said he, holding his hand over it. 'It's a burning pain—near the surface.'

"Why, you simpleton!" said I. "You've danced that mustard plaster down onto your stomach and it's got a new hold."

Mr. Jones will laugh and go on to tell of the quartet in which John sang tenor in the old days. In it, also, there were Julius Block, policeman, and afterward sheriff and State Treasurer, who many years later tried very hard to secure the Republican nomination for Governor—so that he might run against the man who used to sing in close harmony with him—and John Dodd, the lawyer, and Jim Rogers. Their "barber chords" were famous—one might say notorious—in all the surrounding towns.

Johnson is a man who has from birth carried about with him a bit of shyness, a long measure of lack of confidence in himself, and yet a very lusty ego. This



The mother of the Governor

ego of Johnson's is interesting because it is assertive and modest at one and the same time; it is doubly interesting because it exists in a man who seldom outwardly shows the slightest sign of ambition; it is triply interesting because it lives in a body that has suffered much hardship on a long prosaic journey.

Young Johnson, "whose life in St. Peter was not funny," did not complain. He did not complain when he had to leave school; he did not complain that he had to work: he did not complain that his earnings all had to go to help pay the living—and dying—expenses of a sizable family.

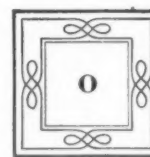
"John," an old chum says, "went to work in Stark's general store. But he had lots of ambition to become a druggist. He wanted a license to make up prescriptions. I guess that was the height of his ambition. When I was a boy I always wanted to be a policeman. But John, he wanted to be a pill-maker. Ain't it funny! He slept in the back of the store most of the time."

"There was another clerk there who used to sleep with him. They were studying together. John was always crazy about books. Old Donahower, a man in town here, had started him up on his reading—yes, the Donahower boy is president of the bank right over there across the street. The old Donahower was a good-hearted old fellow. He got John to read 'The Conquest of Mexico' and 'The Conquest of Peru,' by a man named Prescott, and 'Ivanhoe,' by Scott. Why, John still talks about those three books to-day! He was just an ordinary boy—a good clerk."

He was such a good clerk that Henry Jones, the druggist, hired him at larger wages, and Johnson, the future Governor, went to the apothecary's shop. He entered the talk-jousts around the rotund stove; he traveled the road of the compounder of prescriptions. He even accomplished the peak of ambition so far as any one then knew. He became a licensed pharmacist. His certificate was number 13. After he had hung it on the wall, his ambition took on some new caprice. Even Johnson can not remember what it was. His horizon was not very large.

But he was the most active figure in town affairs. Before he was through his career in the village he had been secretary of the fire department, an amateur lawyer at many a mock trial, a singer in the church choir, an actor in the "benefit" theatricals, a leader in a literary society, a father of many dances and picnics, a captain of the military company, an orator in town debates, an officer of the County Fair Association, a clerk, a pharmacist, and a town journalist. Furthermore, he belonged to several secret societies and organizations—the Woodmen, the Elks, the Knights of Pythias, and, later, the Masons. St. Peter was a small field of activities and interests, but Johnson covered it.

Breaking Into Journalism



ONLY twice did he find his way into occupations in the outer world. On the first occasion he went to a town in Iowa to accept another position in an apothecary's shop. "It was a sad experience for him," the women folks will tell the stranger. "He was homesick enough! He wanted to come back. And he wrote home and said he missed the batter-cakes. That's what his sister says—she's a school-teacher here in town now—that's what she says. He was terribly homesick!"

On the second occasion the lanky young man went to another place in Iowa to be a paymaster in a railroad construction camp. It was still hard for him to be away, but this time he became interested in the men—the tough crew with pickaxes and shovels. They liked him. And for some of them he acted as banker, standing between their purchasing power and the rum-shops—and for others he penned letters home and wrote many an epistle of love. "He was a human kind of feller," says one who knew him then. "The navvies almost loved him!"

Little by little Johnson's hold on St. Peter became firmer; debates and discussions and an occasional literary flight made the way for his place on the St. Peter "Herald."

"My partner was taken away from me just before 1887," Mr. Essler, who still runs the paper and print-shop, will say. "And I always attended to the mechanical side, so I had to have somebody to come in as editor. We offered the place to John. We told him he could buy a half interest and take hold of the writing end."

The future Governor rejoiced in his new occupation. He had always longed for opportunity to put himself into words. Now came the chance. His enthusiastic friends say to-day that he wrote with much distinction. Of course he did not. He wrote in the usual style and



The wife of the Governor

about the things which one usually finds treated in a country newspaper.

To be sure, a quaint touch of humor—also usual—is to be found in Johnson's columns. The items penned by him contain the dry fun that has so long characterized the country press of the United States.

When he was twenty-nine he bought his first dress suit!

"He was proud of that suit!" says the old village photographer. "And he wore it the night the N. E. Y. B. gave its dance at the hotel. He was one of 'em—the N. E. Y. B. Those letters stand for Nineteen Eligible Young Bachelors."

"He was one of the nineteen," the man of negatives goes on, hunting among a pile of prints for the Governor's latest photograph. "And he liked the girls. But he fell in love right away—first sight—with the young lady who is now his wife. She came here to town to teach drawing and painting up at the institute on the hill. Then it was all over. Her name was Elinore Preston. Here's a negative of her right here. I found it the other day. I guess he'd have moped a good deal if he hadn't got her. But she was just as fond of him, too. And she didn't know she was contracting to be a Governor's wife."

Johnson had been a Republican. Swedes and persons who live in that county are almost always Republicans. But Johnson's faith in Republicanism had been shaken by discussions of the tariff around the drug store stove. Furthermore, he found out that he did not believe in centralization of government. And now as editor of a Democratic newspaper he began to be a Democrat throughout his whole weave. He voted for Cleveland and he wrote hard for Bryan, even though his support of the "Peerless One" was given in spite of some misgivings which assailed him with greater and greater strength as election day approached. He became known throughout the State press as a man who would use his pen for Democracy.

Little by little, too, the future Governor's speech-making power had developed. Debates and mock trials had given him an opportunity to quench his irresistible and recurring desire to talk. Johnson went to the World's Fair in Chicago as an official of the State Press Association that had journeyed there to help Governor Knute Nelson dedicate the Minnesota Building. Something happened to delay the Governor. Three hundred editors were irritated beyond expression. As a result it was Johnson who conducted the dedicatory exercises. Every one laughed and nicknamed him "Governor." But every one agreed that he could talk.

However, it was not only as an orator that he became known. An executive tactfulness, a cool and calm way of getting things done, began to develop as the opportunities for its display multiplied. Johnson was captain of the military company; this placed him where all the officers of the State militia knew him and knew of his executive qualities. He became an official of the Nicollet County Fair Association; the farmers began to learn how well he could manage. He was the president of the State Press Association; the editors found out about Johnson.

But, best of all for Johnson, he became known as a man who is interested in man.

"A good mixer," says a St. Paul politician. "Not that he stands up to a bar and sets up the drinks. I don't mean that kind. No. Just one of those fellers who's interested in the other feller. Back in St. Peter he was the kind of lad who'd walk across the street to speak to the man who was looking up at the store signs as if he couldn't find something."

The people of St. Peter town and the people of Nicollet County and the people of Minnesota believed in him when they knew him. Whatever else his opponents said about him, none ever raised even a feeble charge against his honor. "He's so straight, it's hell for us," says a local Republican politician. He speaks of Johnson's "squareness" as if to have "squareness" were to take a mean advantage over one's political opponent. One begins to feel sure that Johnson is "straight" because every one out here in Minnesota seems so tempted to believe it.

When Johnson left St. Peter to go to St. Paul, the second half of his career had begun. He left behind him a little town of which he is fond and which is fond of him. At the station when he said good-by, he told his partner, Mr. Essler, to watch out for the subscriptions and collect the advertising bills. His election had dazed him a little and his thought was for the little paper—almost the only thing in the world he had ever owned. "In two years," he said, "I'll be back."

In St. Paul

MINNESOTA is a Republican community, as every one knows, and in 1904 Roosevelt was running for President. Minnesota Democrats had among themselves a great many notions as to the prospects. A good man who would develop vote-getting qualities was hard to find, especially when so many persons leaned toward the prophecy that a Democratic nominee for the Governorship would perhaps be some-

thing of a scapegoat. There was no one man obviously well fitted and willing. And now to talk over this perplexity, a little knot of those Democrats who controlled the State party gathered one afternoon in a room in the Ryan Hotel in St. Paul. One of these men, a lawyer, who loves politics as if politics were personality, said with a rising inflection: "Johnson?"



In this store Johnson (the third from the left) became a licensed pharmacist

"Who's Johnson?" asked one man with mock sincerity. The others continued to chew cigar smoke as they debated.

"Johnson," said the lawyer, after a time and without the question mark.

"Johnson!" he said, a little later, and added an exclamation point. A shrewd metropolitan boss nodded his head. One or two men threw up their hands, palms outward, to indicate that this was, at least, a way to close the discussion.

"Where's the telephone?" asked the man in the corner with the eyeglasses. And they called up the office of the St. Peter "Herald," fifty miles down the State, and asked the editor if he were willing that they make him the candidate of their party.

The country editor refused. "Johnson!" reiterated the lawyer when the receiver had once more clicked into place. "Some one must go down there to little St. Peter and, face to face, convince him."

Some one went—a shrewd talker. The Democratic Convention nominated him and he went into the fight like a boy. "In more ways than one," says an old hand at the game.

"At first I thought I had no chance," says the Governor himself. "It looked very black for a Democrat—for me. But the very fact that it was a contest pleased me. All life is a contest. You think that too, don't you? We all like the strain of it. The best type of man finds joy in a race—in the pitting of strength against strength, wit against wit, resources against re-

Johnson made friends rapidly. During the campaign he delivered over one hundred speeches and appeared in seventy-five of the eighty-odd counties in Minnesota. Probably more by instinct than reason he realized that to make up for the fact that he was not well known, he must take his personality into every possible corner. Instinctively, too, he realized that it was his personality that would attract people and win votes. He wanted to get to every man's front door.

About his personal power his instinct was right. Even his political enemies assert that whatever may be the limitations of his ability, he is a lovable man. He has a faculty for drawing confidence and loyalty. Without any overhearted handshake, slap on the back, highly colored words of welcome, or complimentary outpourings, Johnson possesses a quiet, almost lazy method of making a man his friend. Children in St. Peter used to like to have him talk with them; politicians and even his opponents in St. Paul feel comfortable in that relation with him which admits some to his respect, and possibly his affection, and yet keeps all men at a certain metaphorical arm's-length from his own self.

Besides Johnson's quiet art of attracting men, he has a life story that is a golden political asset. Some of the Minnesota Republicans dug down into the country editor's life to see what they could find.

"They found out that John's daddy was a drunkard and died in the poorhouse," says the man who took the Governor's place on the St. Peter "Herald." "They found out that his mother took in washing. And the clerk of the court down here got a man named Tip Witty to make an affidavit to some of the stuff. It was a mean performance. These Republicans—and a few of 'em were on the State Committee—discussed the publication of that affidavit. They sent it back once to have it made stronger, and then they distributed the information by fliers and circulars. It was good campaign literature—for John!"

To-day there are many persons in Minnesota who will say that the incident elected Johnson Governor. This may be true. But Johnson was also elected, if one may use the phrase, "on his personality." The citizens of Minnesota believed he was honest, that he knew the business which it was necessary for the State to transact. And they were fond of him. They gave Roosevelt a plurality of more than 160,000. But they elected Johnson, the Democrat, by nearly 8,000 votes.

"A First-class Hired Man"

CAME down in the train with him to this town," says a native of St. Peter. "He had just heard of his election. And he used an expression then which some of those newspaper men who have written him up have pretended was their own. He said: 'I'm just going to try to be a first-class hired man!'"

A close friend of Johnson's, one who has at times helped to guide him, confesses that he had his doubts about what the St. Peter editor would do in St. Paul.

"Well, the very first day that he had forgotten about his little newspaper and opened up here for business, they were down on him like a limitless flock of vultures. The party hadn't seen light in this State for a long time and the crowd was hungry. I didn't know how he would come out with them, but I had an appointment; I wanted to recommend myself, so I went up to see him. And I had done a good deal for John, too. But he turned me down."

"Why, I'd like to do that," he said, looking straight at me with those blue eyes. "But, you see, I don't believe this man you speak of would be the best man I could find!"

Johnson chose his appointees carefully, and they were far above the average in fitness. Furthermore, he almost invariably helped them in their tasks.

The work of Johnson and his Insurance Commissioner is well known not only in the State but across the nation. Johnson had the Commissioner put on salary and saved the State \$15,000 a year. Before a year had gone by after he had taken office, the new Governor, previously ignorant of the complications of the insurance business, had originated a plan to call together a conference of Governors to discuss insurance. This convention met in Chicago, a committee of fifteen was appointed, and Johnson had performed a service to insurance reform which the President of the United States has publicly acknowledged. A large insurance company of Minnesota, because of mismanagement, stood on its last legs. The Governor kept his head and saved a policy-holders' panic. He called for the officials of this

company. Some of them knew well enough that somebody would have to go to jail. But Johnson made them resign, and then went to work, with the help of several prominent business men, to put the company upon its feet. Later when the Committee of Fifteen reported its recommendations for State legislation, Johnson asked to have all these laws passed in Minnesota. A Republican Legislature did as it usually does for Johnson, the Democrat—it complied with his requests.

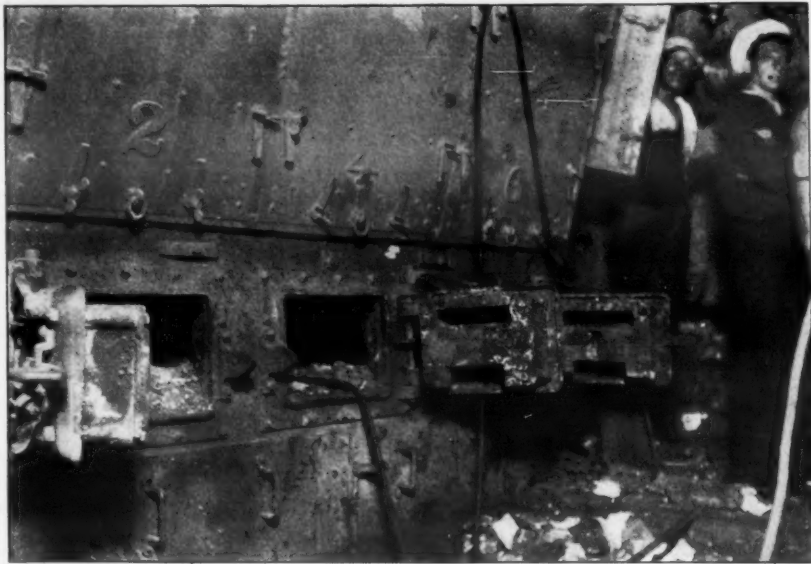
The State wanted a permanent Tax Commissioner. The Legislature passed the creating law. Every one wondered what the Governor would do about his appointment of the three Tax Commissioners, because the foremost argument against the creation of this commis-

(Continued on page 24) II



The St. Peter "Herald." In the printing office, his partner, Essler, is seen, leaning on the forms. Johnson left the editorial desk and chair (of the corner picture) to take office as Governor





Fire-room of the "Tennessee," where the explosion occurred. A boiler tube in the United States Cruiser "Tennessee" exploded on June 5, killing four men, and injuring ten, two of whom died later. The four-inch tube drove out a scalding cloud of steam and hot ashes



When the general alarm was sounded on the "Tennessee" twenty lines of hose were dropped into the fire-room. These men in the fire-room adjoining were among those to act with heroism in putting out the fire



Burial of the "Tennessee" Explosion Victims

Five men from the disaster on the cruiser "Tennessee" were buried on June 6 in Harbor View Cemetery, San Pedro, California



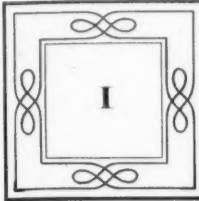
Ethical Puncturing of a Floating Fortress

Spectacular effect of shooting a torpedo into the hull of the monitor "Florida." Safely anchored on a mud flat, off Sewell's Point, Virginia, she proves that a torpedo can penetrate armor-plate. Fifteen men could have walked through the resultant hole, but the water-tight compartments worked well, and she was pulled off the flats unsunk. When mended, the naval militia of some State may have her for a practise boat

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SAN FRANCISCO, June 2, 1908.
To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY which
sorens alof like eagly-bird which
have a noble habit of being flighty,

DEAREST SIR:—



AM given to be understood by newspaper information that Right Bros, famous airmen, has solved problem of air navigation again by very delicious wreckage. Them Right Bros fly-tests is always shot off with entire secrecy, so that Japanese navy won't be there to represent itself. This time them sky-boat maneuver were witnessed by less than 2,000 persons, mostly reporters, inventors & foreign powers, who seen very nicely from bushes 25 miles away where they was hid out of range of Hon. Right's shoot-gun.

New airship of Right Bros is called Mud Hen II, because them crafts should all be named after some bird what they act like. Hon. Bell's air-boat are called "White Wings" because they never grow weary of trying to. That Mud Hen II are a 6-cylinder, runabout type of airplane built on model of 3 pancakes and worked with strings which Hon. Right have attached to thumbs & toes. To start them ship Hon. Right lays himself on stummick and runs the engine with his teeth. When he wish to go up he raise elbows & depresses toes. When he wish to come down he stand on his head.

On this trip Right Bros start navigating from Killed Devil Hill, which is in Southern States. After considerable scientifick prepare them ship were seen to make following emotion:

- 1—It went up.
- 2—It came down.

After successful flight Orville Right were found comfortably setting on his airship in middle of Elkins swamp. Except for 2 wings fraxured, engine twisted off, propeller gone & framework on fire, them machinery landed without a mishap. Hon. Right were congratulating himself by shaking his broken hand.

Hon. Reporter from McGue's Magazine came up to say: "I represent it." Silence from Hon. Right.

"What natural views do you possess of mind about future development of airplanes for carrying persons for traffick?" require Hon. Muckrake.

"I refuse to answer," response Hon. Right with E. H. Harriman signals.

"Oh so hurrah!" collapse them Hon. Reporter. "I got scoop news for McGue's Magazine. HON. RIGHT HAVE SPOKE FOR FIRST TIME!!"

MR. EDITOR, I am morely assured that aircal navigation will be very cheap sport for poor mans. Hickory wood are cheap, canvas are cheap, nails are cheap & life are cheap. All them is necessary for one good airship. You can borrow 1 gas-engine from another automobile. Next choose some bird what look safe & intelligent & built your fly-machine to resemble it. If you admire for pigeons, then built one pigeon-toe air-plane. If you think hawks is most pleasant fliers, all well; then make a hawkish air-boat. Nail all them airship together with considerable canvas & light hickory corners, fasten on them gas-engine what you have borrowed, carry such machinery to vacant plains & teach it to fly like the bird what you admire most much.

All airships can fly, but some of them is very hard to teach.

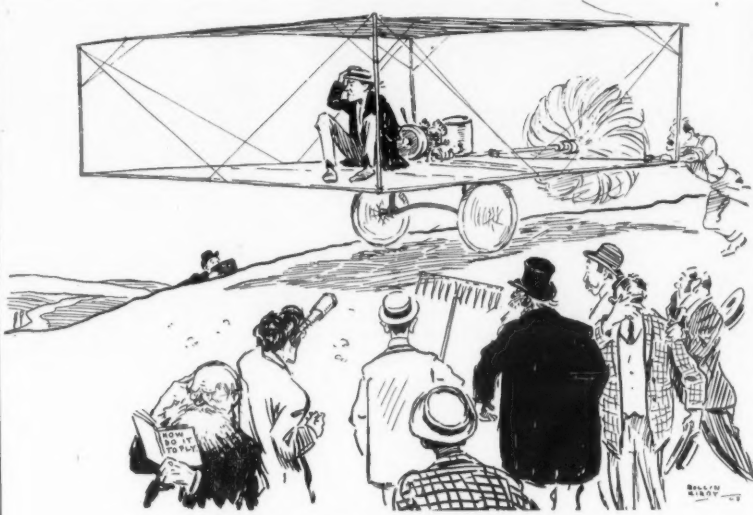
Last yesterday I was tooking a feet-walk by lonesome hill of Berkeley. Among daisy-cup grassy of steep slope I seen some machinery in attitude of mechanical expectation. It were a very cross-looking machinery like a bisickel whose mother was a sail-boat. Several Hon. Professors was standing around to encourage Hon. Airmen with statistick about dying for science. Hon. Airmen speak of relatives in Kansas City and regret sinful youth with considerable paleness.

"What you so trembly for?" eject Professor with Ben Tillman expression. "Are it possibly that you are afraid to go up?"

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

XXVII—Flighty Navigation of Air



Sometime rising to astonishing height of ¼ inch

"O earnestly no!" collapse them Airmen, "I are entirely fearless about going up but it are thoughts of going down what give me them quaker feeling at elbow."

More excitable preparation them. One Professor arrive with tex-book entitled, "How Do It to Fly"; yet some other bring telescope for see him long off. One medical Doctor was also present with muck-rakes, etc., so as to scrape them Airmen off trees in case of. Nervous tense enjoyed by all.

So Hon. Airmen say farewell speek to persons present, including Hon. Wife who was in Chicago. He also mention several technical terms with considerable emotion & all Scientists present weep with eyes. Next he place self carefully to seat with assistants of one Irish man what was there merely to labor. Silence for pulses.

"Are you ready?" inquire Hon. Professor with voice.

"Are!" response them birdy hero.

"Then go it!" suggest Hon. Professor. Awful breathlessness. Hon. Airmen with brave grasp of wrist throw handle-crank to start engine. Nothing happen. Surprise from all. Hon. Airmen then speak automobile language & pull more crank-wheel with thumbs. Complete indifference from them engine.

"Chaloric energy are hypnotized," say one Scientist who supposed he knew.

"You have forgot-it to put in gasoline," corrode Irish man what was there to labor.

"So have!" say Airmen. So Hon. Gasoline was poured to engines with can.

Once more prepare to start. Hon. Airmen take seat. Quick jerk to crank-handle. O banzai! Whirr of angry rages from engine. Entire fly-machine get palpitation to resemble rooster severed from its brains. Irish man give shove, & entire bird-boat motor along ground on bisickel wheels. More fast & more faster it go, kicking up pebbles in frantick enjoyment, some time rising to astonishing height of ¼ inch, now & yet bumptious to large stone and appearing anxious to fly, but not sure how; till of suddenly it make very restful flop against fence-post & stop desiring to continue.

Loud shouting from all Aero Clubs present.

"I ask to know," I require, "for why does all make such pagan noise of gladness?"

"For following reason," decore one Professor, "because aircal navigation are solved."

"All airships is modeled to resemble some kind of birds," I say for interview. "Some to resemble sparrows, some to resemble hawk—what species of birdy are this fly-boat modeled to resemble?"

"It are modeled to resemble a ostrich," say Hon. Airmen, picking up some fingers he lost.

"But a ostrich are not able to fly," I suggest.

"Neither are this airship," say Hon. Airmen in whispering voice so as U. S. Govt might not overheard.

So all surjoin to Airo Club banquet with exception of Hashimura Togo & Hon. Irish which was not invited. We set together on grassy hill for slight conversation about human progress.

"Of surely, Mike," say Irish with smoke-pipe of dangerous shortness, "Airshipping are a grand sporty."

"It are still a low-down science," I mangle.

"Why a package of fools should do it, I am willing to be searched," he dib. "They spend 1,000's of dollar to make such a mechanical rooster what we seen this afternoon. They work for 2 year to nail it together, they hire famous Airmen from Kansas City, they get names in paper & all Science must stop thinking about serious things because they are so excited. Then great day arrive. All ready—whoof! \$6,000 airboat make flopping emotion and go bust by fence-post. Everybody happy to go home & construpt more airboats."

"Great things of World are built in them way," I corrode for dignity.

"Southern Pacific Railway were not built in them way, you can bet it," say Irish.

"It will be a cheap way to travel in future," I nudge.

"It are not cheap way to travel in present," decry that Hon. Irish. "By counting up all axidents, break-ups, refusals to go, unwillingness to stay up when started there, etc., it are computed by Scientists that airships has cost \$1,000 for every yard they has flew through air."

"Such an expensive car-fare!" I derange.

"Rates like them should be regulated by Congress," negotiate Hon. Irish, collecting together fractional pieces of airship what was strewed apart over hillside.

ARTHUR KICKAHAJAMA, missionary boy, are being a heathen awhile this summer because it are vacation, and because his derby was thieved by somebody at a Church Sociable. Missionary lady say him, "Arthur, you should be a sunshine." He say, "Too much sunshine creates headache. I think I shall put up a umbrella for a temporary time."

Therefore Arthur are very sinical & pessimons when he speak of air navigation & human races.

"Airships," say Arthur, "are like souls of people. There are continuous talk about elevating human race; but alarmingly seldom does souls get far

enough off the ground to create much disturbance."

"Some persons is like balloons," I mitigate. "They has lofty tendencies, they are filled of gas. They go up & stay there where it is."

"It are easy to be ideal like a balloon," say Arthur. "But it are hard to be ideal like a airship. To go up on lofty thought & stay up there floating around without getting nowhere, that are job what lots persons do & say, 'O my, I are so High Mind!' But to go for trip in high air & know where you will arrive at—that are job for seldom and rare individuals. Such toply navigators can discover North Pole and become familiar with stars. They are not balloonists—they are Poets..."

"Poets are continually getting bumped to Earth," I indulge.

"Excuse me so," say Arthur, obtaining cigarettes from me, "When not a Christian I am a free-thinking Japanese."

"When thinking freely you are most religous," I commute.

SO WE close up by singing of following song-sing which sound very peculiar to musick of samisen, which is a Jewish harp made in Yeddo:

Conversation Between a Japanese Poet and a Tommy Hawk-bird

O KO-KO SAN

O SUKI-RAN

HASHIMURA ICHI-BAN!
BUN-BUN!

In sufficiently old-fashion time
Of Japanese history,
When Adam & Eve was considered late,
Bashi-Bashi, great Poeter,
Was a-laying near stream in Hokadate.
Drowdy song of hum-bee
Was seen going around
Stinging sweet flower for honey.
Hon. Bashi-Bashi were full of considerable lazy poetry.

Pretty soonly
A Tommy Hawk-bird come flattering
by & perch on lim of tree.

"I wish I could flew away like a Tommy Hawk-bird," say Bashi-Bashi, because he was a Poet.

"Why you wish it?" require them fowel.
"Because," say Poet with music,
"As I was a fly-high animal like you,
Then I might go

To Emperor of Japan
And get some salary.
Then I might fly to lettuce-window
Of lore-lady

And decry,
"Have Bashi-Bashi, Japanese poeter,
got some chances with you?"

"Such a ha-ha!" salute them Hawk-bird,
"I have flew around for years,
And never did no such thing."
"What you did with them power to flew?" require Poet.

"I use it."
Say Hawk-bird,
"For respectable purpose;
I are a married Tommy hawk—
What would wife & eggs say,
If I was seen flew around strange

lettuce-windows
With a voice full of sonnets?"
No reply for him.

"I have also fly to Emperor of Japan,"
Say Hawk-bird.

"What he say?" demand Poet.

"He say, 'Shoot them Hawk
For stealing roosters
From Royal Coop.'"

O KO-KO SAN

O SUKI-RAN!

Bashi-Bashi lay silently
Near water-cress of silverous
stream.

"Things what persons need," he say.

"Can be obtained by walking for them, or taking bisickel, or else they are not to be had nohow."

Then he go sleep,
Filled with lazy poetry.

Mr. Editor, all human races wants something. They are going for it with steamboat, automobile, rail-train. Next they are after it with a fly-boat. I hope you will let me know when they finds it.

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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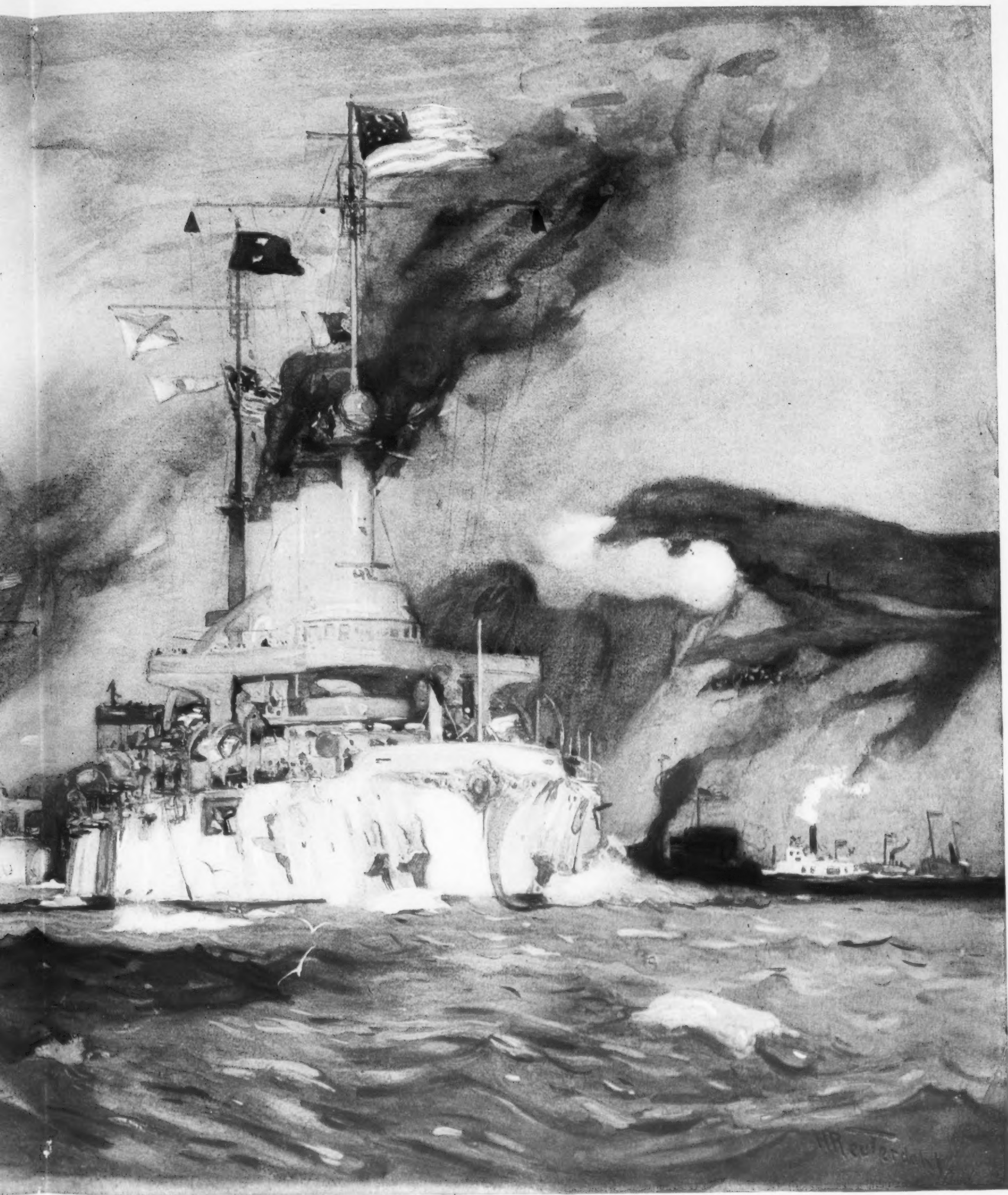


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The Atlantic Fleet in San Fr

On July 7, the Sixteen Big Battleships, which Steamed 14,000 Miles from New York to California Last Win

Painted by HENRY REUTERD



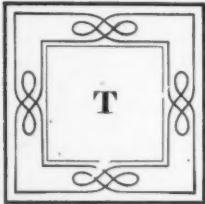
et in San Francisco Harbor

California Last Winter, will Start on their Return Journey by Way of the Pacific Ocean and the Suez Canal

by HENRY REUTERDAHL

Eggs à la Casey

By L. H. BICKFORD



THE boy at Brainerds' took his lunch-box from the locker, selected the desk of the boss architect for his banquet board, and eased himself in the big chair. This desk faced a wide window that looked across a city cañon, the other wall of which was the Attie Building. Thus Brainerds' commanded a view of the offices of the Illinois, Iowa & Pacific Railway system—the system, in fact, of the great Palmerston. And it had been for some time the noon habit of the boy to contemplate, over his sandwich and his piece of pie, the luxuries of the I. I. & P. headquarters. He knew that the large room at the corner, with its heavy oak table, about which there occasionally gathered several gentlemen of most respectable appearance, was sacred to the directors. He knew that the smaller room to its left, wherein sat a thin young man who was almost constantly concerned with a huge mass of correspondence, was a sort of antechamber to greater things—the way of entrance to a third room a little farther to the left, and which contained The Presence. Thus—and this the boy knew, too—the thin young man acted as a double guard. Were you visiting the place you might not proceed either into the room of the directorate or, more important, into that holding The Presence, unless the curiosity of this faithful servant was wholly satisfied. And likely, from the observations of the boy, this satisfaction was impossible of accomplishment. Many called, but few were chosen. The boy, munching his sandwich and with a free disregard of the boss architect's rosewood work-table on which he was resting his feet, was interested just now in the movements of a visitor to the opposite offices—a visitor, he recalled, who had come before at about this hour. This was a man of flesh, with a round, red face and a tuft of white chin whisker, who wore a long frock coat that did not seem at home on him. With that wisdom that came of an observation of many of the human race—or that was pure instinct—the boy classed this gentleman as one who was a mere visitor to the city, a person from that strange somewhere outside of Chicago of which the boy knew nothing. He knew three sorts of people, gents, guys, and Rubes. The gents he accepted, even admired. A guy might be your best friend, being city bred, and still not a gent—a term, in brief, of affection or of general description. But a Rube was of the lowest strata, sometimes to be pitied. This, before him, was a Rube. The boy watched him attentively as the thin young man, with some elaboration, placed a chair beside the window for the visitor and disappeared through the door that opened on The Presence. And then—oh, rare sight—The Presence came immediately into the anteroom. He was consulting his watch, and he greeted the large man cordially, at the same time indicating by that pantomime that told, as well as words, the pressing business within that would engage him for a few minutes longer. So, with a hearty handshake for the caller and then, privately, a few words for the thin young man, The Presence went back. The thin young man gave the portly person a newspaper and returned to his work.

The visitor sank in the chair, but he did not read the newspaper. Instead, he looked over at the boy, and the boy returned his gaze steadily, wondering, with indolent curiosity, just how important this Rube could be, since old Palmerston found it politic to be polite to him. Of one thing he was sure—the Rube was uncomfortable. There was this much to be gathered from his attitude, which was of disquiet—as if he would be elsewhere than near The Presence or even in the atmosphere of the great Palmerston system.

Thus, for some minutes, boy and man regarded one another across the chasm of the city street. And then a very surprising thing happened. The man glanced up at the gilded letters on the boss architect's window, edged his chair slowly toward a telephone desk near by, and, with a look of guilt backward, suddenly seized the telephone directory and hid it under his newspaper. This done, he glanced around again, observed the thin young man at his labor, and began slowly to turn the pages of the volume. When, apparently, he had found



The Rube took down the telephone receiver

what he sought, he was suddenly thrown into confusion by the actions of the other occupant of the room. For the thin young man arose, started for the telephone, and then stopped half-way. This action puzzled the boy, but it was speedily explained by the manner in which the thin young man wheeled around and walked into the chamber of The Presence—The Presence had rung for his faithful servant even as the danger of discovery threatened the Rube. The drama now proceeded quickly. The Rube took down the telephone receiver—with one eye always on the door through which the clerk had disappeared and the other on the boy—and spoke into the instrument. And just here the boss architect's telephone bell rang. The boy lowered his feet and reached over the desk. His vigorous salutation was answered by a husky voice speaking in a half-whisper:

"Say."

"Yep."

"You see me, don't you?"

The boy looked across and waved his receiver by way of reply.

"There's a little money in this," came the voice with telephonic formality. "You call up here when you see that clerk come back and you ask for Henry T. Bottom. And you make him understand that my wife wants me to come right over to the hotel. After that you go down and get a cab and—"

There was a click. The man backed away from the telephone and resumed his seat as the thin young man came in.

Now this boy was red-headed and he was born on the West Side of Chicago. This means so much that I will make no attempt to explain it beyond noting that he did not pause to think of consequences or to debate the unusual character of the proceeding. So it occurred that the thin young man presently answered the telephone ring, to be told by a very decided, high, boyish voice that Mr. Henry T. Bottom's wife was at the St. Hilarious Hotel and awaited his presence.

The thin young man hesitated.

"His wife?" he repeated.

"Well, whose wife do you think? Say, call 'im to the mouth machine. She wants to talk to 'im."

This demand met with compliance, and the receiver was turned over to Mr. Bottom, who, in apparent surprise, replied by this scandalous deception:

"Why, is that you, Mary? When—when did ye get in? You do do things sudden when you make up your mind. Yes—but I was going out to eat with Mr. Palmerston. What? Oh, yes, I guess he can get along without me—"

And at these words a solemn wink of Mr. Bottom's left eye traveled from the Attie Building to the boy across the street. In a second Brainerds' office was deserted.

II



THE boy's name was Mike. It followed that the fellow Jerry, whose cab-stand was just around the corner, was his friend, just as the fellow Gustav, the rival cabman at that particular point, was, if not his enemy, at least a person who was not bound to him by any ties of race and West Side neighborliness. Thus it was the door of Jerry's cab that stood open—instead of Gustav's—when Henry T. Bottom issued from the marble entrance of the Attie. As straight as he could manage, Mr. Bottom progressed to the waiting vehicle and passed within. The nearer view of him was less encouraging, morally, than long distance. He bore a dissipated look and his step was uncertain. His coup seemed to have unnerved him, and once he cast a frightened look backward as if he feared pursuit. When the boy, his hand on the door, asked where he wanted to go, he seemed confused. Then he said, thickly:

"You get in. Go anywhere—just anywhere."

The boy wavered. So far, the adventure had appealed to him. Now it was becoming practical. There was the boss architect's office, abandoned. Left abandoned, his job was forfeit.

"I guess he wants to go to the St. Hilarious Hotel," observed the hesitant to the cabman.

"Hotel nothin'," came from within. "I'm business man—you don't lose nothin' by this. Promise is a promise. Here—"

He fumbled in the pocket of his capacious coat and brought out two crisp yellow bills, which he thrust on the waiting youth. A lightning calculation followed. At three dollars a week some thirteen weeks must elapse before you might earn forty dollars. Here was the wage of that period in advance. And perhaps he could see the thing through and square the job at that. There was the baseball excuse, and the boss architect was weak there. Well, then—

The boy entered the cab after telling Jerry to drive down to the boulevard and on out to the parks. Even his hurried examination of Mr. Bottom convinced him that what the gentleman most needed was fresh air. And he should have it—forty dollars' worth of it.

For a time, or until the cab had passed the boulevard hotels and was rolling southward, neither boy nor man spoke. But the boy was mentally busy with the situation. Mr. Bottom, he saw, was not now the energetic person he had taken him to be as a result of the strategy of the telephone. His eyes refused to stay open and he breathed with difficulty. Other things aided the observer to arrive at the spoken conclusion somewhere near Twelfth Street:

"A bad case of ouse."

Mr. Bottom heard, and opened his misty eyes to gaze into those other blue ones with their light of sophistication.

"Meanin' I've took too much?" he asked.

"Up to here," assented his companion, holding a hand on a level with his throat. "Say, I don't see how you pulled it off—that telephone stunt, I mean. You don't look now as if you could think of anything pretty quick. What you need is the hot room, a little side-steppin' with the towel man, a rub down, and a short trance."

Mr. Bottom wagged his head.

"You ain't got it just right, boy. It ain't all that—it ain't all this whisky business an' this champagne that's the matter with me, though there's been enough of it. It's the whole business—most of all it's the food."

He sighed, closed his eyes, and then opened them again.

"Son," he asked, "did you ever go through a course of Adelarde de la this and Adelarde de la so forth, and the Lord knows what?"

The boy seemed puzzled. The aberrations of the alcoholic mind were not wholly a mystery to him. His friends, the cops, had told him things. And there were the periodicals of old man Burke, his mother's lodger. But this specimen did not come under any of the simple classifications. Yet he examined it and presently added it to his collection.

"Adelarde is that French guy that runs the swell caffay," he supplied. "Me boss goes there once in a while."

"I been there three weeks runnin'—Adelarde's and the club, Adelarde's and the club." Mr. Bottom repeated this wearily several times. Then: "I come to this town with the best stomach in the Middle West an' with my mind about made up on certain things—and, by God, son, I don't know now but what I've lost both my stomach an' my mind together." He threw out one hand, shaking his fist uselessly at a passing motor car. "But I've got away from 'em—they ain't got Henry T. Bottom all fooled up yet."



"Aw, cut it! Here—here's your dough. I get out here"

This show of feeling was followed by collapse. Mr. Bottom swayed in his seat and two tears coursed down his cheeks.

"An' you think I'm just drunk," he blubbered. "Mebbe I am—and it's come to this, that Henry T. Bottom ain't got nerve enough to stand up and do what's right, but runs away with a red-headed office boy in a busted cab."

Whether it was the reference to his flaming top or the disrespect shown the vehicle of Mr. Shaughnessey

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that angered the boy is not of moment. It is certain that he was angered, and quickly. He still clutched the two yellow bills in one of his dirty hands, but as Mr. Bottom concluded he threw them directly in that person's face.

"Aw, cut it!" he cried. "Here—here's your dough. I don't want to roll no drunk—and a cryin' drunk at that. I get out here."

The transition startled Mr. Bottom almost into sobriety, for there was an instant of decision in his manner as he forced the boy back into his seat.

"Here, I ain't layin' out anything against you, son. You've done somethin' that's worth more than money to me. I—I apologize."

There was that in his voice that convinced, although almost immediately it trailed off into maudlinism. The boy took back the money sullenly.

"Well, don't talk like a fish then," he admonished.

Mr. Bottom stared.

"Yes, fish," he uttered reminiscently. "Fish—fish, file of bass au Vin Blanc."

It was the boy's turn to stare. Mr. Bottom nodded solemnly.

"I picked it all up," he said. "That an' the poulet de prairie à la genée an' the filet of beef pique à la Napolitaine an' the capon au gros-sel an' the escargots à la Adélarde—do you know what they are, son, escargots à la Adélarde?" His voice shook. "They're snails, son; miserable, crawlin' snails, an' I've been feedin' 'em an' sayin' I liked 'em."

The boy whistled—a whistle mixed of admiration, pity, and concern.

"Gee," he said, "you certainly have got 'em."

Mr. Bottom looked pained at this continued insistence on inebriety as the sole cause of his condition.

"You still don't understand," he complained. Then, bracing himself for an effort of speech, he held up two fat fingers. "It's just this way in loway. There's the I. I. & P. runnin' this way an' there's the Middle Western runnin' that. And Henry T. Bottom is the Middle Western, along with a lot of farmers that put money into it when other people wasn't buildin' railroads—that's the way of it."

"I see," said the boy. "Palmerston wants it. That guy's got more railroads than Kelly's got medals for roller-skatin'. Why don't you let him have it?"

"In a year it would be nothin' but two streaks of rust an' some boarded-up way stations. That's why—that's what Palmerston does with railroads, some railroads."

This did not appeal to the boy. He yawned and looked through the window.

"What do you care?" he asked. "You get your money, don't you?"

Mr. Bottom sighed again. Succinctly, the boy had summed up in a sentence the more elaborate view of Palmerston and others with whom he had lately associated. They spoke grandly, it is true, of converting the road to the larger use of the I. I. & P., and of realizing on the investment, but it all came to the same thing—he would get his money.

"Yes," he admitted, "but there's a principle—an' there's more or less in principle. These others, who've give me the right to come down here an' look into this, trust to H. T. Bottom. They'll do what he says. If he says the proposition's good, why, Palmerston gets it, an' if he says it ain't, Palmerston don't get it—an' it'll go on bein' a railroad, such as it is."

The boy turned quickly.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "that's what's frettin' you? You mean these Rubes don't know about the way Palmerston does things, like you know?"

"Son," answered Mr. Bottom, with gusty relief, "that's just it. I can go in an' clean up, an' they'll get a little, but when the thing works out they'll find the brick ain't gold."

As correctly as before the boy grasped the situation.

"An' you don't feel just right in t'rowin' 'em down?"

Mr. Bottom sank back weakly. The strain of narrative had told on him.

"I didn't come for to throw 'em down," he said. "It was all right the first day or two—I told Palmerston I'd think it over an' let my parties know. An' then he took to showin' an interest in me. We got to eatin' together. He took a room for me at that club of his, an' he would run in for breakfas' an' we'd have a little cordial an' some oranges à la Calve an' eggs à la Dauphine or p'raps cod à la crème au gratin—an' what not. He is a great feller for tellin' the waiter to tell the chef that he wants things cooked and brought up just so. An' at lunch we'd have it over again, 'specially at Adélarde's. And at dinner there was always so much came on that I couldn't even recognize by sight, let alone by name, that I wanted to holler for help. Son, I'm so full of beefsteak Adélarde, with mushrooms, an' ciret of hare Adélarde an' things au gratin an' soufflé an' au jus an' that whole passel of stuff that Adélarde fixes up, that I'm ashamed of my inwards. Adélarde's idea is to take somethin' nice an' decent an' sauce it so

you can't tell whether it's animal, vegetable, or mineral. The first time I had potatoes Adélarde do you know what I thought they was? Mush an' garlic, boy, an' I almost died. It's a shame to stuff up an' doctor a natural-grown, God-given thing like a potato until its own patch wouldn't own it—an' change its name into the bargain."

Mr. Bottom looked sadly about him.

"An' so it went on—breakfast an' lunch an' dinner, an' Palmerston attackin' my common sense through my stomach until he almost wore me down. He's a nice, plausible man, Palmerston, an' so's that crowd he's got



Pummeled and kneaded and rolled him. The boy—smoking a cigarette and enjoying the performance

around him. Another day an' he'd had me—an' then I saw you coked up there in that architect's window an' it put an idea into my head. You see, there was always some one entertainin' me—when it wasn't Palmerston it was Bittenhouse, who runs to imported brandy, or Stellings, whose got this Italian food habit same as Palmerston's got French—an' they wouldn't leave me alone. All the time I've been here seems to me I've been eatin' and drinkin' 'till I'm ashamed to look an honest piece of pie in the face now. I don't believe I'd know it, anyhow."

Here the narrator relaxed again. This recital of gastronomic adventures had carried him along at high

Lots of people like you come here an' get doped an' wonder how it happened. They didn't dope you in the way the cops tell about, but I guess that Adélarde's is a sure enough joint when the high guys want to put one over. Say, why don't you let me take you over to Mulligan's? Mulligan's got the finest system goin' for them fade-away pains, and he's a friend of mine."

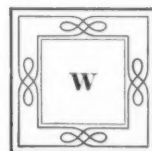
Mr. Bottom inclined to the suggestion—or his trust in his companion was such that he did not think it necessary to enter objections. He nodded sleepily, murmuring, "Capon à la Adélarde," and sank in a heap in one corner of the carriage, knowing nothing of the jour-

ney that followed as the plodding cab horse was turned from the respectability of Woodlawn and pointed in the direction of the less uplifted but vaster spaces of the West Side.

At Mulligan's the boy sprang out and ran down the steps of a basement bathroom under a dingy saloon just off Halsted Street. He there conferred with Mulligan and his helper—and he needed only to be brief to be understood. The result of the short parley was that Mr. Bottom was gently taken from the cab and carried into the baths in good order. He would have preferred repose—indeed, he strongly intimated this to Mulligan, as one will who is disturbed in dreams. But this was a drastic cure, and sleep was the last, not the first, consideration.

The Mulligan method had repute, and the patient from Iowa was not to be the exception and refuse favorable testimony. Presently, then, Mr. Bottom found himself naked and steaming in a zinc-lined room—floundering painfully about on a marble slab while his sheeted torturers pummeled and kneaded and rolled him. The boy, coatless and dripping, sat in one corner smoking a cigarette and enjoying the performance. To Mr. Bottom's entreaty that the outrage be stopped he merely grinned. He was the chief priest of inquisition, and as the victim groaned from what appeared to be nothing less than a murderous assault on the abdomen, he chuckled in seeming glee. So the Mulligan system progressed, from the zinc room to the plunge, and from the energetic beating of Mr. Bottom's shoulder-blades to the tattoo of his feet, until he was like to die. But there came a time when he found himself wrapped snugly in a flannel blanket, his frame resting on a cane couch, and with a delicious drowsiness stealing over him as his nerves ceased tingling and the blood coursed healthily through his veins. Then, for the second time that afternoon, this wanderer from the fields of Iowa fell asleep.

III



HERE turn back the hours to that time when Henry T. Bottom left the offices of the I. I. & P. system in response to an ostensible telephone call from his wife at the St. Hilarious Hotel and discover what befell when Mr. Palmerston came into the ante-room to gather in his supposedly waiting visitor and bear him to Adélarde's for the noon meal.

"Where," asked the greatest railway financier west of the Hudson River, noting the vacant chair, "is Mr. Bottom?"

The thin young man rose from his desk.

"He had a telephone message from the St. Hilarious. His wife is stopping there. Came suddenly, I think."

Mr. Palmerston stood looking at his subordinate with those steel gray eyes that were celebrated in newspaper accounts of his personality and appearance. He was a very calm man. It had been written of him that so perfect was his control you could never betray him in an emotion. Nor did he quiver by an eyelash now, although his voice was sharp.

"His wife?"

"Yes," assented the clerk.

"Did you answer the call?"

"Yes, sir."

"And it was a woman's voice?"

"Why—well, sir, no. A boy's—a bell-boy's, I should say. He said she was waiting to speak to him."

The countenance continued calm, but the voice was still sharper.

"I thought I told you, Harkett, not to let Bottom get out of here—under any circumstances. I thought I told you that it was important for some of us to keep him in view—and that it was of particular importance to have him wait to-day."

"I know, sir, but his wife—"

"There is no Mrs. Bottom, Harkett."

The thin young man did not reply to this. He was not expected to. The brain of The Presence was working out the problem.

"I am going over to that hotel," said Mr. Palmerston. "In the mean time I want you to call up the Tinkerton office and tell them to send Craig there immediately. You understand?"

The clerk understood the instruction and more. He understood that his superior had no idea that he would

(Continued on page 23) 17



"Eggs—eggs, by George, à la Casey, come an' try 'em"

pressure. His wrongs sustained him. But now that he was rid of the tale his mental processes lagged. He glanced out over the greensward of the Midway, for the cab had now passed far south, and he seemed wearied. The boy, however, had never been more alert.

"What you want to do," he told Mr. Bottom, "is to get waked up and let this here Palmerston go on his way. I guess Chicago ain't no place for you. You may be a big team down there on your railroad in Iowa, but in the big league you couldn't beat out Washington.

INDIGENOUS POETRY

A Cordial Appreciation of Some AMATORY and MORTUARY VERSE Garnered from "GEMS OF POESY"

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

"A poet's object in the world,
Is not that missiles may be hurled
In all directions from the press,
Without restraint, and meaningless.
So while you read within this book,
Remember that the authors took
The rugged facts, and sought to press
Each one into a neater dress."
—ROLLIE R. GROVES, in "Gems of Poesy."



NOTE.—"GEMS OF POESY, 1906 edition," is a collection of about five hundred poems by about four hundred and fifty authors; published by the Delhaye Publishing Company of Chicago, and for sale by them; \$1 net, to general public; \$1.20 net, in blocks of three or five to contributing poets. The contributors are secured through advertisements in the papers: "Song Poems Wanted," "Write Words for a Song and Make Your Fortune," etc.; and a condition to the publication of any poem thus offered to "GEMS OF POESY" is that the poet shall subscribe and pay in advance for a certain number of copies. Every year the edition is renovated, so that, through this medium alone, the world is assured of the annual introduction of several hundred new poets.

Imprinted
1908

[1]

As an expression of the high tone and the pervasive humanities of the Delhaye school, the following thoughts by Mr. Erhardt Fuerbringer are suitably typical:

"In the spring, oh! how sweet
Bloom the flowers at our feet!
People feeling good and healthy,
Always striving to get wealthy,
Making money for themselves—
Never thinking of some one else."

"Let us ne'er forget the poor
When they knock upon our door.
They're glad to eat anything they can get,
That's the reason we should not forget
To know that every contribution
Helps many a soul out of great confusion."

There is equally profound insight and sympathy in "Thoughts," by Vesta E. Lee:

"Or doth the ultimate exceed
With promise to thy troubled soul,
In fret of life and time of need—
With hope's bright steadfast goal?"

More of Miss Lee's interesting brand of ideation follows, wherein the gifted poetess's unclipped wings carry her clean over the fence of dictionary language into a lingual realm of her own:

"And all the fume and fret of life
That makes it as a whole,
All colors thus unite in white,
All harmonious if enrote,
With harmonious enrote,
And blend in concert true."

"Enrote"; "Enrote"; words that are "windows to eternal things!" Webster knows them not, nor Worcester. Yet observe how they justify their creation; how they "blend in concert true, all harmonious."



Miss Johanna Wild

After such a flight it will perhaps be as well to seek temporary rest in the sweetly simple song of Mr. Henry Martin, who appropriately entitles his effort "Miss Johanna Wild":

"On Broadway lives a girl I do adore,
I have never met just such a gem before,
Her smiling face is ever on my mind,
To me she always has been true and kind."

CHORUS

"She is Miss Johanna Wild,
She is her mother's only child,
Her temper is so sweet and mild—
There is no other like Miss Johanna Wild."

[3]

FOREWORD



ONCE a year the lesser poets climb Parnassus. Upon its sun-kissed heights they pour out the inspired messages of their souls, and their metrical feet are beautiful upon the mountain-tops. The vision and the dream as bodied forth in their voices, is crystallized for the world in an annual publication, appropriately entitled "Gems of Poesy." The book is unique. It embodies, expresses, and, in part, explains the Average Poet.

No mute, inglorious Milton need remain mute and inglorious while "Gems of Poesy" continues to be published. All that is required of him is that he testify to the faith that is in him by subscribing for a certain number of copies—usually five at the cost of \$1.20 each—when he submits his poem.

THERE is both tone and elegance, subdued and unsubdued, in the five hundred poems that make up this year's edition of "Gems of Poesy." In fact, there is everything that goes to the making of the composite and complete poet. For here, if anywhere, is to be found the criterion of the American poetic spirit, since every one of these contributors, bear in mind, has paid cash to get his poem published; has sped "the viewless arrows of his thoughts" from a tautened purse-string. They are the happy mean. And

they are happiest when they sing. How could they help but sing! Their very names commit them to the music of the spheres. "Poets are born, not made?" Perish the theory! Poets are named, not born. With the christening drops, some infusion of the divine fire falls upon their infant heads. Who can doubt it, finding in the pages of our volume such euphuistic combinations as Annie Laurie Phillips, Rosa Budde, Goldia Mays, S. Pickens Frick, Phon Temple, Allasuma Mauck, Rollie Groves, Mrs. Cordine Miller, Eureka Willits, Clarrena Yoquelet, Leola Matilda Cale, and Louella Peacock Chesnutt? The very metre and music of such nomenclature, falling repeatedly upon baby ears, can not but instil inspiration for the coming years.

TO THE weary modern spirit the song of these modest singers comes with a fragrant, old-time refreshment. "Gems of Poesy" is as moral as a hymn-book, as virtuous as a nunnery, and as genteel as a butler. Its publishers might appropriately sing with Mr. Gilbert of the "Bab Ballads":

"Morality, heavenly link,
To you I'll eternally drink!
I'm awfully fond of that virtuous bond,
Morality, heavenly link!"



[2]

In "False Pride," Mrs. Marion Bullis presents light-minded members of her sex with sound and melodious advice:

Ah! be not proud of your soft hands
So white and perfect and so grand;
'Tis not complexion or dainty skin,
Or lovely curls or jeweled ring
That make a noble person kind,
Or makes you loved on every side.
Just try to lighten others' woes;
For handsome is that handsome does."



"Oh! be not proud of
your bright eyes
That shine with sun-
light from the skies;

It has remained for the Rev. Martin W. Spencer to introduce the topical-song method into elegiac verse in "Just Away":

"We can not say that he is dead,
He is just away,
We can not say his love is less,
He returns home some day."

CHORUS

"He is only gone on a flying trip,
And into the fountain of love to dip,
And then at the royal banquet to sip,
And see his father's home."

Now observe, in repeating the poem, how its rattling, rollicking lilt sends us shooting down the chute of one of America's deathless poems:

"He's only gone on a flying trip,
And into the fountain of love to dip,
And then at the royal banquet to sip,
And a red trip slip for a three-cent trip,
And a yellow trip slip for a five-cent trip,
And a pink trip slip for a biff-bang-zip!
And a Rah-Rah-Rah, fellers, let 'er rip!
And a—"

Hold hard! Down brakes! That way lies madness.

The San Francisco catastrophe inspired the mournful muse. Mr. Merwin J. Pulver's verse contains one line that might have been written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Ambrose Bierce:

"The trouble now is o'er;
God knows we want no more,
For my heart each day is aching with pain,
As I think of that sad day,
When the earthquake came our way,
And people acted as though they were insane.
God bless 'Hears' with eyes so bright,
Who helped us through the fight,
With money and supplies those awful days!"

[4]

Highly moral lessons can not better be inculcated than through the music of verse. No one would willingly go to the poorhouse after reading Marie Enz's "Why He Was in a Poorhouse":

"When a boy, I was wild and gay,
Thought only of pleasure and sin,
And said: 'I'll sow my wild oats first,
And then a new life I'll begin.'"

"So when you're tempted to do wrong,
my child,
Think of me as I am to-day,
No one to love me, no one to care,
And in the poorhouse to stay."



Jealousy
was in
his heart

Men were deceivers ever. This point is brought out clearly in a "Warning to Girls of Seventeen":

"I once was single and happy and gay,
But married one I thought would be true,
But jealousy was in his heart so deep
That caused pleasure and happiness to vanish away.

"Just twenty long years on life's desolate sand,
I worked and toiled through sorrow and pain,

"Left alone in this dark world of gloom,
With my children and no money nor home,

"Please remember the warning I've given,
Do take warning before you come to want,
You shall know from whom it is given.
This very true message is from Sadie Pierpont."

"Who is a Poet?" asks Mr. Huey, by way of a title, and while modesty forbids him to be specific, the attentive eye may read his opinion between the lines:

"Who is a poet, meek and bland,
Unassuming, gentle, grand
In thoughts, ideal, imagery,
In Nature's full-souled melody?
Who? Who? Who? Who?
Such is the poet, great and grand,
With thought and feeling for every land."

[5]



When a boy I was
wild and gay

Harsh restrictions of space forbid that I should go deeper into this rich repository of beauty, philosophy, and chaste passion. To be properly appreciated, the contents must be read reverently, and in the spirit which animates it throughout, remembering always that

"A poet's object in the world
Is not that missiles may be hurled."

and paying due heed to the lesson inculcated on Page 12, by Miss Orphia F. Craven:

"If we can not move the earth,
Or still the ocean's roar,
Can not give a planet birth,
Or stay the tide upon the shore,
We can smile.

"Then smile, smile, yes, smile some more;
Oh! never mind the tears!
For smiles will open wide the door
Of hope for future years.
Then just smile."



[6]

The New "Old Man" of the Fleet

Rear-Admiral Sperry, the First of the New School of Naval Commanders

By FREDERICK PALMER



Rear-Admiral Sperry

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK BROTHERS

Coast the ships which Evans took to the Pacific. By mileage the cruise is only one-third finished. There is less novelty ahead than behind, but just as much hard work and responsibility in keeping steam in the boilers and keeping off the rocks.

Sperry was one of the three junior Admirals on the cruise around South America. Junior Admirals with a fleet have little responsibility. It is not in the law of military organization that they should. In the navy the senior officer present is boss more literally than any corporation head. The corporation head can not make his men work or obey when they do not choose. Everybody in the navy must or go in the brig.

Commanding the rear of the four divisions—the old *Alabama*, *Illinois*, *Kearsarge*, and *Kentucky*—and repeating the orders from the fleet flagship, Sperry had an Admiral's star and a kind of stenographic importance besides inspecting his division and his title to a place near the head of the welcoming nation or welcoming State or city at the official banquets.

By a stroke of the President's pen he rises from one of the sombodies to the Great Body. It is not side-boys and honors alone henceforth. It is personal responsibility for the whole fleet to the nation.

Jumping Loeb from his position to the President's chair does not represent an equal rise in authority. At sea Sperry has no Senate to report to; his cabinet wait on his orders; he does not know officially of the exist-

ence of the press. He is a schoolmaster whom his pupils can not report to their parents, nor can they, without resignation from the navy, escape him.

Sperry's career is largely typical. He is a product of the Naval Academy, of course. He paced the decks until he was almost middle age as a watch officer. He became an executive, which means that he was the ship's manager for the captain; then a commander with a cruiser of his own—slowly, grade after grade, waiting his turn on death and retirement of his superiors, but, nevertheless, a marked man among his fellows, selected for important work where rank would permit.

Through all these years the naval officer knows that some day lightning may strike him. The command of a little cruiser where a revolution in a man-child country demands instant action, or of a squadron of a fleet in war, may suddenly post him as a hero or a failure. With the Spanish War postponed two years, Dewey's fame would have been unsung and some other commodore whose number was then at the top of the active list would have gone into Manila Bay. But for some bureaucratic politics there would have been no divided honors over Santiago. Bunce, whom the navy, that ought to know, thinks was fitter to command than either Sampson or Schley, would have been the hero. And it is Sperry's number at the top and Sperry's flag—and he is the "old man" for the next nine months.

In the Spanish War he was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the unsensational and household business of preparation ought to have been learned, if anywhere. He has been president of the War College at Newport, where the officers of our navy aim to do what the German Staff did for the war of '70 and the Japanese did in the preceding years toward their victories of 1904-5. They make plans for the use of our fleet in all possible complications and are supposed to know a lot that they keep secret. At all events, they keep secret what they do know.

Also, he represented the navy for us at The Hague, where he learned much of international relations bound to be of service to any Admiral who is taking the battle forces of the United States into distant seas. Evans was the last of the Civil War veterans who will command, yet quick to use all the younger men and their ideas, and Sperry is the first of the new school. He is scholarly, thoroughly read, and, though a student, he said, with the snap of a man of action, when he heard of his appointment:

"I am the responsible head of a military organization, and I propose to be one." This has the ring of command.

He comes at a time when a great commander of the new school is sadly needed to carry forward the work begun; a commander who will have thorough maneuvers and battle practise and complete the homogeneity of our forces, in which, owing to the navy's rapid growth, we have much to accomplish. Sixty years of age, spare and tall, quick to listen and quickly interested when there are real ideas in the air, strong in his opinions and decisive, no one questions that he will be felt.

But how? ask the wardroom and the forecabin, who can say all they please privately, and do, but not a little "Boo" at the end of their "Ay! ay!" officially.

When Evans "cussed out" a ship or an officer he made a little trail of blue fire in emphasis; he did it picturesquely. It hurt, too, but somehow the culprit felt that the "old man" was saying in parenthesis: "I like you, anyway." It takes the fleet about as long to catch on to an Admiral's peculiarities as a class of boys their teacher's. In a month the battleship world will know the Admiral like a book.

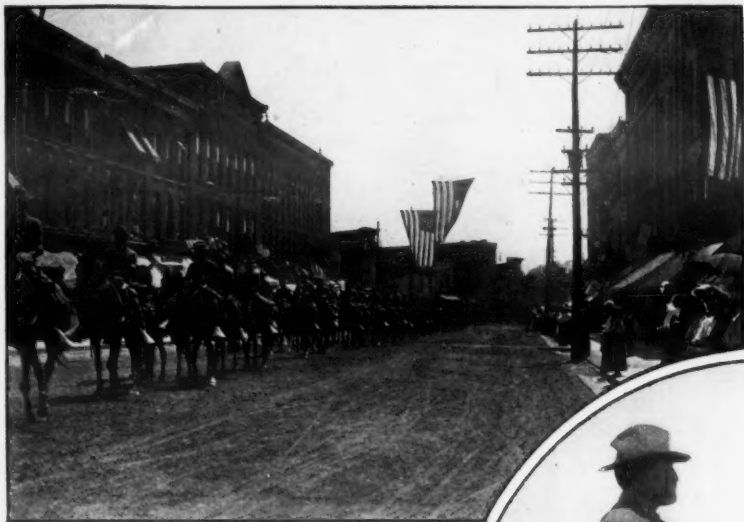
On one score Sperry's views are already clear. We are not to have another Higginson, who left an unhappy fleet depleted by desertions. Evans left a happy fleet, with the enlistment roll full. He made Jack work, but considered shore liberty his right and amusement his prerogative as much as a landsman's.

When Sperry received a letter from an American port, not on the mainland, he said in justice, asking what measures would be taken to prevent scoundrelism by the sailors, he remarked:

"I'll wait three or four days before I answer that letter. I don't want to say anything savage. I want to be polite."

In the first speech he made after he took command he said that the American bluejackets behaved well because they were gentlemen. How impossible that would sound on the lips of a European Admiral! It would be considered utterly subversive of discipline. In Europe gentlemen born are officers and all the seamen belong to the distinctively "lower classes," especially in Russia.

Our new "C in C" further said that our men happened to be under officers whom they must obey unquestioningly, as his Admirals obeyed him. This is good Americanism, and in this way is an efficient American military organization possible.



Arrival of Grant's army



Colored troops on the march

Maneuvers at Pine Plains

MAJOR - GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, commanding the Department of the East, is seriously engaged in playing at war on Pine Plains, New York. He has 6,000 troops on hand, half Regulars, half National Guardsmen, and is exercising and maneuvering them from June 15 to July 15. By noon on June 13, 2,000 regulars hit



Major-General Frederick Dent Grant and Colonel Glenn

the camp exactly on time—some had come 20 miles, some 250 miles. Pine Plains is a military playground of 13,000 acres, or 144 square miles, over which the men can be moved like chess pawns. They will be marched and tested and hammered with strategy and gun-fire, recruit drill, grand tactics, and battle maneuvers. Two armies—the Brown and the Blue—will work out military problems with Colonel Glenn as umpire.



A 250-mile march for some of the cavalry



Unloading the stores for a month's stay

The Promise of the Harvest



NOTWITHSTANDING the chronic pessimism of Mr. James J. Hill, the prospects for a great crop year for the North American continent, from the Athabasca to the Gulf of Mexico, were never better. The indications are that in the Canadian West the amount of land under cultivation is 25 per cent greater than last year. The increase is principally in wheat, which was sown early and got a vigorous start. In some of the districts that have received strong currents of immigration the acreage under cultivation has increased by 50, or even 100, per cent. At the beginning of June the conditions were declared by the Canadian Pacific investigators to be ideal. Some of the grain in Southern Alberta was then two feet high, and the outlook was declared to be the best in twenty-five years. Warm and moist weather had pushed the plants along almost too rapidly. In the absence of unfavorable changes, it was estimated that Western Canada's wheat crop this year would reach 120,000,000 bushels.

South of the boundary the outlook was equally cheering. Last year the American farmers took in over seven billion dollars; this year it is predicted that, if present conditions continue, their crops will be worth over eight billions. The Government's estimate for June put the winter wheat crop at 440,000,000 bushels—over sixty millions better than last year's indications at the same time, and thirty millions more than the actual yield. The spring wheat acreage exceeds that of 1907 by 631,000 acres, and the condition in June in the chief four producing States was six points above last year's and three points above the ten-year average. Corn has begun its growth with extremely favorable prospects,

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

and the outlook is for unusual crops of oats and hay. In most parts of the South, cotton has been doing extremely well.

The business interests of all North America are so closely connected that good crops in any part are a cause of congratulation for every other. When the harvests are plentiful throughout the whole continent, there is a solid basis for continental prosperity.

Saving Canadian Forests

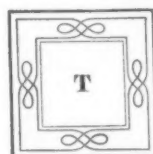


PROFLIGATE waste of forest resources has not yet produced such disastrous results in Canada as in the United States, but the destruction of the Dominion's splendid heritage has already gone so far that patriotic Canadians are anxiously striving to check it. The Canadian Forestry Association is devoting attention, among other things, to the havoc wrought by forest fires during railroad construction. In a recent bulletin it recalls the ruin of millions of dollars' worth of timber during the building of the Canadian Pacific, and tells of the precautions that have been taken to prevent a similar disaster along the new line

of the transcontinental line of the Grand Trunk Pacific. The authorities of New Brunswick have arranged with those of the Dominion for an efficient fire patrol along the lines in their Province, and a similar patrol is already at work west of Edmonton. The Commissioners of the National Transcontinental Railway have enjoined strict vigilance upon their employees in the matter of preventing forest fires.

The magnificent forests that formerly extended north, east, and west of Lake Superior, and along the line of the Canadian Pacific in British Columbia have been scarred with fire or entirely destroyed. But railroads can be built without this destruction. Mr. John R. Booth prevented any serious fires while the Canada Atlantic was pushing through a rich pine forest, and careful patrolling saved the valuable woods penetrated by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. In the National Forests of the United States fires have been almost abolished, and the same result can be accomplished anywhere by systematic and intelligent work.

Bookmakers in Retreat



THE remarkable campaign of Governor Hughes against race-track gambling in New York ended on June 11 in a singularly dramatic victory. The result had depended upon a single vote in the Senate. Death had caused a vacancy in one district, but by a frank appeal to the people the Governor had secured the choice of a friend of his policy at a special election. Then, just as success had seemed to be assured, another vote had been imperiled by the dangerous illness of Senator Foelker, who had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. Governor Hughes prolonged the special session of the Legislature until Mr. Foelker could be brought to Albany. He came at the earliest possible moment, against the protests of his physician and

Marlin
.22 Caliber Repeating Rifle
Model No 20

The safety, comfort and convenience of the *Marlin* solid top, closed-in breech and side ejection features are combined with the quick, easy manipulation of the popular sliding fore-end or "pump" action in the new Model 20 *Marlin* rifle.

In rapid firing—the real test of a repeater—the *Marlin* solid top is always a protection and prevents smoke and gases blowing back; the ejected shell is never thrown into your face or eyes, and never interferes with the aim; the fat forearm fits your hand and helps quick operation.

It handles the short, long and long-rifle cartridges without change in adjustment, and the deep Ballard rifling guarantees the accuracy, making it the finest little rifle in the world for target shooting and for all small game up to 150 or 200 yards.

For full description of all *Marlin* Repeaters, just get our catalog. Mailed free for 3 stamps postage.

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Lenox Chocolates

the best you ever tasted—smooth, fine, dainty centers—crisp, thick, rich coats of best chocolate.

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his family, was helped into the Senate chamber, and cast his vote almost in a state of collapse. The Governor wrote to Senator Foelker expressing his appreciation of his "heroic action," which he predicted would "long be pointed to as a fine illustration of fidelity and patriotic devotion to the interests of the State."

Despondent racing men assert that the new laws will destroy an investment of over \$81,000,000. Others think, however, that racing can be maintained as a legitimate sport on the gate receipts, like baseball, without the support of systematized gambling. The war on race-track betting is spreading. In many States the business is already forbidden by law, and in others hostile legislation is pending. In Louisiana there is a battle very like that just decided in New York. In Colorado the Governor has undertaken to suppress the betting upon which the projectors of a great State Fair to be held at Overland depend to meet their expenses, and he asserts that "all the State fairs in the nation have now excluded betting and bookmaking." "We must make haste in Denver," he adds, "to make race-track gambling impossible, or we shall be the last city in America to wipe out this demoralizing vice."

The Fading Goebel Feud A Republican Governor balks at a long-drawn revenge

AFTER eight years' imprisonment, four trials for the murder of Governor Goebel of Kentucky, three convictions, and two death sentences, Caleb Powers is free. He was pardoned by Governor Wilson on June 13, along with James B. Howard. Powers was awaiting a new trial after the disagreement of his fourth jury, and Howard was serving a life sentence. In his statement accompanying the pardons, Governor Wilson said: "The murder of Senator Goebel destroyed a remarkable life, brought the deepest grief to his family and thousands of friends who loved him, overthrew a whole State election, destroyed the peace and good feeling of the State for eight years, set neighbor against neighbor, made politics almost war, stained the good name of Kentucky, and shocked the civilized world." The Governor thought no punishment too severe for the perpetrators of such a crime, but he did not believe that the men he pardoned had been proved guilty.

Powers was Secretary of State when the trouble occurred, and the shot that killed Goebel was supposed to have been fired from his office. He was not in the capital at the time, and denied any knowledge of the conspiracy, but he had helped to bring down the army of mountaineers that had invaded Frankfort to terrorize the Legislature, and he got the credit for the consequences. The victorious Goebel faction used the whole power of the State to bring him to the gallows, and his fight for life against partizan judges and juries aroused the attention of the entire nation. Ex-Governor Taylor, who fled to Indiana when the reign of vengeance began, and has had asylum there ever since, in spite of the extradition requirements of the constitution, has not taken advantage of the new régime to return to Kentucky, and considers himself permanently transplanted.

The Super-"Dreadnought" England's latest word in battleships

WHEN the *Dreadnought* was laid down, only three years ago, it was said that she would reduce all existing battleships to the scrap-heap. The *St. Vincent*, begun at the end of last December, was said by a British naval authority in a burst of rather tropical enthusiasm to be "infinitely" superior to the *Dreadnought*. "Infinitely" in that case probably meant about 20 per cent. Now the London "Telegraph" asserts that a new type is to be laid down to eclipse the *St. Vincent*.

The *Dreadnought* is of 17,900 tons and the *St. Vincent* of 19,250. The new monster is expected to reach 21,000. But size is to be one of the least of her distinctions. She is to go back to 13.5-inch guns, abandoned in the British navy for all ships begun within the past seventeen years. The modern twelve-inch 58-ton gun, firing an 850-pound projectile at 2,900 feet per second, has a muzzle energy over one-third greater than that developed by one of the 13.5-inch 69-ton guns of the *Royal Sovereign*, which fires a 1,250-pound shell at 2,016 feet per second, and it will pierce seventeen inches of Krupp steel armor at three thousand yards, while the *Royal Sovereign's* guns will pierce only eleven inches. The size

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 makes the difference

Close-knit underwear, no matter how thin, makes you hot and uncomfortable. It smothers the pores, retains the perspiration, clings to the body, and is as unhealthful as it is uncomfortable.

It's different with *Iletmesh* Underwear—all summer long it keeps you cool and comfortable

Iletmesh Underwear is knit so that little eyelets are made all over the fabric (*Iletmesh*), and these ventilate and cool the body.

Iletmesh never stays damp on the body; never gives you a cold. The ventilated fabric absorbs the moisture, but throws it off immediately and keeps the garment dry and free from the odor of perspiration.

Iletmesh never irritates the skin or feels uncomfortable. It fits well and is so elastic that it gives with every movement of the body and never bunches up.

Iletmesh stands the wear. The little eyelets do not break into holes—*Iletmesh* is made on the only kind of machines (Scott & Williams) that knit eyeletmesh fabric without stretching or straining the yarn.

50 cents per garment

Long and short sleeve shirts; ankle and knee length drawers.

Ask your dealer for *Iletmesh* Underwear and look for the *Iletmesh* label on every garment to make sure of getting the genuine. If your dealer hasn't *Iletmesh* write to us and we will see that you get it. Write anyway for our booklet.

Van Brocklin & Stover Co., Amsterdam, N.Y.

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 MADE ON SCOTT & WILLIAMS' MACHINES
 PATENTED MAR 27, 1907

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These cabs take people to trains, hospitals, theatres, etc.

Delays to passengers would ruin their business. Delays are avoided by carrying a

STEPNEY SPARE WHEEL

In case of a puncture or blow-out, the driver stops his car, snaps on the Stepney Wheel and proceeds on his journey with less than a minute's loss of time.

It may not be a serious matter to you to be delayed by punctures or blow-outs, but it is certainly annoying, and often dirty, disagreeable work to change a tire in the mud or rain.

Save all this inconvenience to yourself and guests by carrying a Stepney Spare Wheel on your car.

Let us send you a booklet telling all about the Stepney Wheel. Send your name and address today.

Arrow Points to Stepney Spare Wheel

Secured by thumb screws to rim of wheel having punctured tire.—Takes less than a minute.—No tools necessary. No pumping—no removing punctured tire—no dirty hands or clothes—a lady can attach it.

Spare Motor Wheel of America, Ltd.

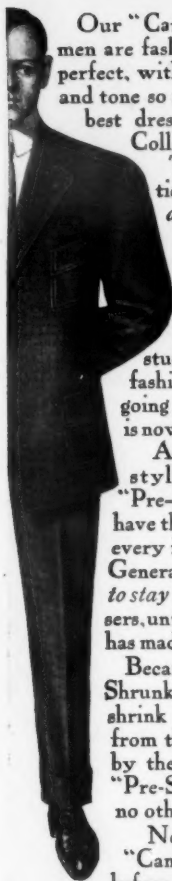
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Name..... Address.....

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Our "Campus Togs" for young men are fashion faultless and style perfect, with that distinctive snap and tone so much sought for by the best dressers of our Prominent Colleges.

These garments in particular are nearly a season ahead of the times.

In producing Kaufman "Campus Togs," our designers have correctly anticipated what will be in vogue next season by studying the trend of the fashions in vogue today, and going a step farther than what is now conservatively correct.

And because these ultra-style suits are Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments, you have the positive assurance that every iota of the Style, Fit and General Attractiveness is there to stay in Coat, Vest and Trousers, until wear (not a rainy day) has made another suit necessary.

Because in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments ALL the shrink tendency is removed from the fabric before making by the exclusive Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which no other manufacturer can use.

Note the perfection of "Campus Togs" as you stand before the clothier's mirror.

The gracefully moulded shoulders, long roll lapels, distinctive, "snappy" cuff designs, the flap pockets, the form-fitting

back and dip front give to "Campus Tog" Coats to the utmost that air of classy niftiness so much affected by our cleverest dressers.

Low-cut vests, with distinctive pockets, trousers full-hipped, with wide turn-up and many of the innovations which others will offer another season, will be found in these masterpieces of the Tailoring Art.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

In design, fit, finish and workmanship they are designed to bring out, enhance and emphasize to the fullest extent the manly beauties of a man.

Your dealer will gladly show you "Campus Togs" or other styles in Kaufman suits from the popular fabrics for Spring and Summer at \$12 to \$30 the suit. Most people, however, can be suited at \$15 to \$18.

But to be sure you are getting Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments, ask the dealer to show you this label, sewed in the garments, before you buy.



Every man who takes pride in his appearance should have the Kaufman STYLE BOOK. Ask your dealer for it or write to us. It's free, and an accurate guide to what you should wear for Spring and Summer, 1908.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

"Pre-Shrinking" Insures Style Permanence

A Remarkable Test That Proves the Standardization of the

CADILLAC



The three Cadillacs after completing the 600 mile final test.

Without doubt the severest test of mechanical excellence and accuracy to which an automobile was ever subjected was the recent Interchangeability Test in London, made with three 10 horse-power stock Cadillacs, under the supervision of the Royal Automobile Club.

The cars were completely dismantled and the parts thrown together into one confused mass, from which a disinterested technical committee picked parts at random and reassembled three "new" cars. These cars were then tested by 500 miles continuous running, at an average speed of 34 miles an hour. When you consider a variation of one one-thousandth of an inch in any vital part would have meant failure, you will appreciate this overwhelming victory for Cadillac skill, accuracy and workmanship.

With this minute carefulness of finish comes absolute dependability of service and economy of maintenance, for the Cadillac gives more real travel and enjoyment, per dollar expended, than any other car in the world. Send for Booklet No. 24 telling

"The Truth About the Automobile and what it Costs to Maintain One" compiled from owners' sworn statements, showing actual mileage and outlay. Also get Catalogue T 24, describing Model T—four passengers—\$1,000; Model S Runabout—\$850.

Prices include pair dash oil lamps, tail lamp and horn.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich. Member A. L. A. M.

Mullins Steel Launch \$110



Greatest Launch Bargain In The World

The Mullins "1908" Special is a magnificent model built of puncture proof plates of Pressed Steel. Has Air Chambers like a Life Boat. Guaranteed not to leak—waterlog—dry out—warp and never has to be calked—needs no boat house—never out of repair. All orders filled the day they are received. ENGINE—Ferro Reversible 1½ H.P. Engine equipped with all the 1908 improvements, including Mullins Silent Underwater Exhaust. Send for handsome four color circular.

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BINDER FOR COLLIER'S (Express Prepaid), \$1.25

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold a full year's issue. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address COLLIER'S, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York

of guns oscillates from age to age. Over four hundred years ago the Turks had some that would have held Mr. Taft in comfort. They used to fire stone cannon balls that weighed six hundred pounds apiece. Then the pieces grew smaller for ease of handling, and when better methods of handling were invented they grew larger again. At one time the Italian navy had guns of 17 inches, firing shells that weighed a ton apiece. The last American battleships to carry 13-inch guns were the *Alabama*, *Illinois*, and *Wisconsin*, launched ten years ago. The largest since that have been the 12-inch. Now it seems that bigger weapons are to be in fashion again.

A still more remarkable innovation in the new British ship is to be the use of gas engines, making funnels unnecessary. Among other advantages, this will remove the temptation for careless persons in airships to drop bombs down the smokestacks. Max Pemberton equipped his *Iron Pirate* with gas engines fifteen years ago, predicting that this would be the motive power for the fleets of the future—another illustration, like so many in the career of Jules Verne, of the superiority of fiction over fact. The gas engine threatens to end the reign of the turbine before it has fairly begun.

It is estimated that the proposed British super-Dreadnought will cost something like \$12,500,000. Of course she could not be duplicated in this country for less than \$15,000,000, and if we take the lead in the competition with 25,000-ton ships, as Mr. Hobson urges, we must be prepared to pay at least \$20,000,000 apiece for them. And about that time a \$50,000 flying machine may send them all to the Museum of Antiquities.

The New Dreyfus

A real traitor this time for Devil's Island

FRANCE has a new Dreyfus case, but with a difference. Charles B. Ullmo, an officer of the navy, convicted of selling national secrets to foreign agents, was put through the dreadful ceremony of degradation at Toulon on June 12. He was paraded in a hollow square of soldiers and sailors, surrounded by dense crowds of spectators, for whose benefit the railroads had run special excursion trains from the neighboring country; his chevrons and buttons were stripped off, his sword was broken and the pieces were thrown at his feet. He was marched around the square, in tears, before the jeering crowd, and he is to spend the rest of his life on Devil's Island.

Here the parallel with the Dreyfus case ends. Dreyfus was convicted on forged evidence, presented in secret after the prosecution's case had failed in open court. Ullmo apparently had a fair trial, and there seems to be no doubt of his guilt. He had become infatuated with a worthless woman, and, to raise money to squander on her, he sold his country.

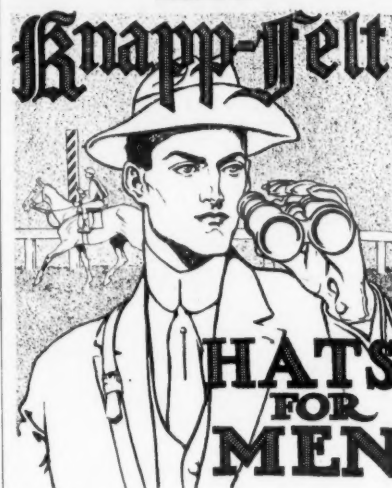
A Menace to Civilization

The noiseless rifle is actually here

MR. HIRAM PERCY MAXIM'S terrifying invention of a noiseless rifle is no joke. It has been exhibited as a solemn reality. Mr. Maxim tested his weapon before the managers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on June 11, and sent a .32-calibre bullet from a Winchester rifle through six inches of City Directory with no more noise than would have been caused by dropping a nail on the floor. The interest of the anti-cruelty people in the device lay in their desire to have some way of slaughtering animals without racking the nerves of the victims waiting their turns. The army is interested in the subject from another point of view, and Mr. Maxim has arranged with the military authorities for a test of a rifle which is to make the "roar of battle" join the vanished smoke. He is required to furnish at least 90 per cent of the present velocity without increasing the length of the barrel, and he is confident that he can do it.

The noiseless rifle offers new facilities to the already murderous activity of the sportsman, and it may bring speedy extinction to several important species of game animals. But its most disquieting possibilities are in relation to crime. Some experts in criminology see in this direction a real danger to civilization. They say that when any crook can pop over a policeman from behind a window-shutter without betraying his own whereabouts, the uniform will simply make its wearer a target, and the criminal classes will be more powerful than the State.

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

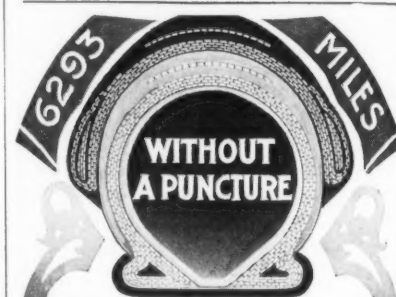


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Very truly yours, A. MASON, Supt. Buick Motor Co.

Standard Tire Protectors

solve tire troubles to stay solved. If you are tired of the worry and drudgery of puncture and blowouts and the delays and everlasting repair bills, let us prove to you that "Standard Protectors do protect." No mechanical fastenings; they positively will not creep or come off. Send us today for handsome descriptive booklet and our special offer that will end your tire troubles.

Standard Tire Protector Co. Dept. D Saginaw, Mich.



"3-in-One" is a household oil, lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust—

Try for oiling sewing machines, clocks, locks, guns, bicycles, etc. Try for cleaning and polishing any furniture, fine pianos, old tables, etc. Try for preventing rust on any metal surface. Trial bottle sent free.

Three In One Oil Co., 35 Broadway, New York.

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Start at once. Work only part of time. Quickly makes a little ordinary grocery sugar into candy floss filling big packages of most enticing sweetness. Sells on sight. Profits very large. Will pay you to write today for Book 14.

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You'll not regret it, if you do.

B. V. D. garments are cut on
large, shapely patterns scientifically
designed to give the wearer the
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They are made of thoroughly
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their *cooling* and *wearing* qualities.

Every B. V. D. garment looks as
if it had been tailored specially for
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What is the use of taking an
inferior garment just because the
dealer has them in stock, and wants
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Get them, and you will get value.

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to carry without spilling, lighted
or unlighted, in your vest, trousers or coat pocket,
to smoke in an auto, while playing golf, on a boat, in
a high wind, or anywhere that smoking otherwise
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Peach Pipe

Stem swings over bowl making a cover, so contents
cannot spill. Wind shield prevents ashes
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means that if a

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is broken or damaged from any cause,
you can take it to the nearest dealer who
is authorized to exchange it for a new one

Free of Cost

We insure all Kremmentz Buttons because
they are so well made that not one in
ten thousand ever breaks. Solid gold and
rolled plate, at all dealers. Send for
booklet "Story of Collar Button."

Krementz & Co., 46 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The burglar, too, will be even more ready
than he is now to use his revolver on the
interfering householder when there is no
longer a sound to attract the attention
of outsiders. Kings and emperors, of
course, will find the ordinary risks of
their trade enormously increased, and
they may decide that their jobs have
ceased to be worth holding.

* *

Eggs à la Casey

(Continued from page 17)

find Mr. Bottom at the St. Hilarius, but
that he proposed to find him somehow.
So it was that Mr. Palmerston, being
told by the hotel clerk that the gentleman
he sought had not been seen in the hotel
since his luggage was moved to the club
three weeks before, turned to greet the
prompt Craig and to give that paragon
of detectives a few short directions and
some necessary information. But it is
often easier to pass through a needle's
eye than to find a fat man at large in
Chicago, and it was many hours later,
and after many false starts, that Craig
obtained the clue of the boy and the cab
and Mr. Bottom. The informant was Jerry
Shaughnessey's rival, Gustav.

On the trail at last, Mr. Palmerston
and the detective rode into the by-street
that contained Mulligan's celebrated baths,
but they were not at once rewarded. Mr.
Bottom, it appeared, had arisen and gone
forth. The searchers returned to their
carriage, and it was turned into Halsted
Street to be driven slowly along that thoroughfare. Night had fallen, and the lights
that told of small after-dark commerce
blazed out to light the way. At one corner
stood a perambulating lunch wagon, and
as Mr. Palmerston glanced casually
toward it he ordered the cabman to stop.

For his search was at an end. On a stool
before a plain board counter, and under
the cheer of a big lamp that swung from
the top of the car, sat Mr. Bottom. Beside
him sat the boy, and beside the boy was
Jerry, the cabman. As Mr. Palmerston
approached the wagon he observed
instantly that the man he sought had
changed in appearance. His color was
more subdued and his eyes were clearer.
There was alertness in his manner. It
was true that this evidence of action just
now consisted in the way in which Mr.
Bottom assisted great yellow piles of food
from his plate to his mouth, but Mr.
Palmerston was instantly impressed that
this was not the man of Adelaide's and
the Boulevard Club.

The great financier looked in at the
door of the wagon, one foot on the steps.
He was greeted by an almost overwhelming
smell of onions, and he perceived, with
epicurean expertness, that the odor came
from the dish that was fascinating Mr.
Bottom. The latter looked up, in the act
of taking another forkful of the yellow
dainty, and at this precise moment he saw
Mr. Palmerston.

"Ha, Palmerston," said Mr. Bottom
heartily, lowering the fork, "come up into
Casey's café—it's got Adelaide's on the
run. Come up!"

Mr. Palmerston permitted himself the
shadow of a smile.

"A little adventure, eh, Bottom? Investigating the West Side?"

"I've found a new dish, Palmerston. You take some eggs an' scramble 'em up an' then you chop four onions fine an' scramble them up with the eggs, salt an' pepper to season, an' there you are. Eggs—eggs, by George, à la Casey. Come up an' try 'em."

Mr. Palmerston did not accept this invitation. He observed, politely, that at Adelaide's this delicacy might be had, with a little cheese added, under the name of *eggs gratin*.

"That so?" asked Mr. Bottom. "Well, I'll bet Adelaide would add *some*thin'—an' that's French, anyhow. This is Irish cookin', Palmerston, an' the first real eatin' I've had since I come here. I'll bet my poor old stomach is sayin' prayers of thanksgivin' right now for what it is about to receive." And then and there he took another generous portion of *eggs à la Casey*.

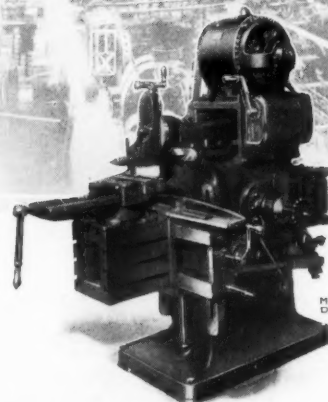
Mr. Palmerston remained at the door. The situation was not so embarrassing as it was unusual. A few curious people had gathered—for the sight of a gentleman, dressed in the prosperity of this distinguished visitor, was not common to this corner.

"Suppose when you've completed your dinner," suggested Palmerston, "you come over to town with me? I've a cab here."

"Well," said Mr. Bottom, "I don't know—I aim to leave for that young metropolis of lowly that I hail from on the 9.30, an' some of my friends here is goin' down

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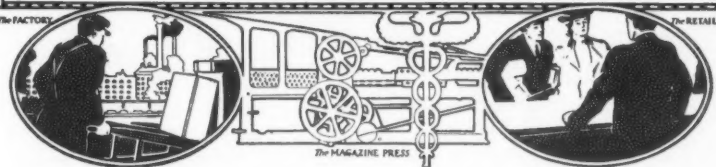
There are a number of other good reasons why you should use Western Electric Motor Drive, and we have set them down with illustrations in an instructive booklet entitled "How to Increase Your Factory Productiveness," which will gladly be sent on request.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

262 S. Clinton Street
Dept. 502, Chicago

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An International Story—And Its Moral



THERE are two great manufacturing houses,
one in the United States and the other
in England.

The American house has been in business
three-quarters of a century, and the English house
more than a hundred and twenty-five years.

Both of these concerns make a very wide range
of the same kind of goods—toilet conveniences.
But each is famous all over the world chiefly for
one of its products.

The American house has, for more than a
generation, held a large share of the trade in
England with its most famous product. John
Bull is very patriotic, even in his purchases. But
when an Englishman at home or abroad wants a
toilet essential for the purpose for which this
Yankee article is designed, he buys the Yankee
product on its name and quality. The English
concern, on its part, occupies in America a position
very similar to that of the American house
in England. Thousands upon thousands of cases
of its most famous specialty are sold every
year in the United States.

This international trade in each case has been
the result, first of careful testing of the article at
home and then of its introduction and promotion
abroad. And this is true of practically every
article that has a general sale that has been made
by general advertising. Only an article of intrinsic
quality tested in the crucible of use can hope to withstand the melting heat of general publicity; for that
heat quickly reveals any dross.

"Here's something new advertised in the magazines—I wonder
if it's as good as represented,"
says the reader.

Perhaps the retail merchant
also says, "Here's something new
advertised," and wonders whether
it is a staple commodity reliable
enough to put on to his shelves.

Even the merchant, who knows
how articles of merchandise rise
into popular favor, may not realize
that this commodity just brought
to his attention, and which he
assumes is new, has really been

sold for years in the community where it originated.
First it gave satisfaction to a small circle of
purchasers. Then the circle widened. Then its
sales extended over a whole state. Finally its
quality and stability were so marked that it
became an article of national consumption.

Many of the commodities advertised in magazines
are of precisely this kind—things so
successful at home that it is certain everybody
will like them. They *have* to be that sort.

Moreover, the single article a manufacturer
advertises in magazines may be only one of a
dozen that he actually makes. His other products
are as honest and good value. But this one has a
universal quality. It establishes itself on merit
in any city, any state, any civilized country.
Manufacturers who have developed their one
famous commodity are unable to make anything
that will compete with it. Very often the man
who makes it could produce nothing to compare
with it himself. This article, somehow, has a
vast, human appeal.

There is survival of the fittest in commodities.
When a manufacturer has developed something
square enough and stable enough to offer the
public everywhere, he usually advertises it
nationally, in the magazines. Even business
men, who ought to know better, will look upon
the advertising as a sign that he is "trying to force
demand." But really it is apt to be a
sign that he is coming into his own.


The advertising may be new. But
that commodity is often staple.
It has been developed and perfected
by experiments, both in manufacture and marketing, that would
make any local experiments along
the same line preposterous. Behind
it already there is a broad, deep,
basic, human demand that will
sell it wherever it goes, and sell
more of it than of any similar commodity,
and sell it longer. The
merchant who puts such a commodity
on his shelves may regard it
as virtually sold before he puts
it there.

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TIT IT Key

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monthly, half the size
of magazine page, will be
sent on request to any
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in advertising. Address

Quoin Club
111 E. 4th St., N.Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S 23




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you can wear business clothes or a dress suit, fish, hunt or camp, play tennis, golf, bowl, dance or lose yourself among the mountains' shady nooks and quiet retreats. You can stop at palatial hotels, boarding-houses, cottages or camps, just as you desire.


The Adirondacks, the National Playground, are easily reached from all directions by the New York Central Lines.

I will gladly send you an itinerary of a trip from your home city to the Adirondack Mountains and return (side trips if you wish)—illustrated literature, maps, information on hotels and incidental expenses—and sum up the entire trip into an approximate cost.

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The J. W. Miller Company, 11 Adams St., Freeport, Ill.



3 Compartments. Ready for Use

"THE GARTER WITH THE HOLES."



No Bothersome "Rights" and "Lefts."

It's made of one continuous piece of leather. No patching together, which means a weak grip and a quick rip.

The "Can't Slip" Button Fastener lives up to its name—but is easy to attach and detach.

The Garter is lined with a perspiration and odor-proof fabric that keeps your leg cool and the garter clean in the most grilling weather.

Made in three adjustable sizes—small, medium and large—to retail at 50 Cents and \$1.00 a Pair. At your dealer's or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

CROWN SUSPENDER CO., 836-838 Broadway, Dept. C. N. Y.

Makers of the famous "Cotton" Suspenders, to be worn "under the over-shirt and over the undershirt." 50c pair.



The crude, untidy belt with its loose, curling end sticking out in that unsightly way—or—The "La-Flat" Belt with its patent inner pouch. No clumsy straps. The end is in the pouch and out of sight. The result is a classy, smooth, body-hugging belt that lays flat all the way round.

Not a novelty, but the most simple, "La-Flat" Belt. All this superiority of make—without a cent added to the cost.

Why buy the old style belt, when you can get this classy "La-Flat" Belt at the same price? Made in a dozen different leathers with a wide choice of exclusive buckle-styles, in oxidized, solid bronze, gun metal and rubber. Two Qualities. Prices 75c and \$1.00.

If your dealer doesn't sell "La-Flat" Belts, send us your waist measure, color of leather and finish of buckles, and retail price, and we'll prepay the belt to you. Booklet showing "La-Flat" styles, free upon request.

The Rucel Company, 61 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.



Get a Genuine Old Town Canoe

Our name plate guarantees correct model and finest quality throughout. A sturdy, light-weight, canvas covered canoe, built on famed Indian lines. Retains its graceful shape because hull is made of long-length selected cedar, with full quota of ribs. Generous width, light draft, perfect steadiness. Capacity of factory recently doubled to meet demand. Our free illustrated catalog quotes lowest prices on canoes for every use. Agents all large cities.

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Let us send you our big new catalog of 312 pages full of illustrations of Band and Orchestra Instruments. If you want the best you must have a "Lyon & Healy" Cornet—sent anywhere on trial and approval. See our unequalled endorsements of leading players. New bands can also get better and cheaper outfits from us than elsewhere. Complete Sets for 10 men, \$80. New Champion Cornets, \$38.00. Monthly payments may be arranged. Old Instruments taken in exchange.

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A marvel of simplicity—Any one can use it—Never out of order—always ready.

Resharpen Gillette Safety Razor Blades and renews a fine shaving edge. Send \$1 and we will send you the kit postpaid.

Dealers. Write for Prices

Universal Blade Stropper Co.
306 Colonial Bldg. Boston, Mass.

to see me off. An' as for a cab, I have one of my own. I bought off the mortgage that was against it an' presented it to my friend Shaughnessy here. It's only proper that I should ride back in it. Anyhow, I want to get away. You see, Palmerston, Chicago don't agree with me—leastway with my stomach. I ain't myself here, although the Mulligan system has made me feel some better."

"But the business, man, the business!" said Mr. Palmerston.

Mr. Bottom looked at him clear-eyed. Then he spoke, and his tones were decisive—a speech of such sincere finality that The Presence, knowing men, realized the uselessness of argument and the impossibility of persuasion. Eight hours before Mr. Bottom might have yielded. So small a thing as luncheon at Adelarde's has settled great financial problems. But now—Mr. Palmerston's eyes wandered to the smoking eggs à la Casey:

"There ain't any business," Mr. Bottom was saying. "I've thought it over an' I'm goin' to advise my people to hold on. I don't like the proposition."

Palmerston made no appeal. His control was perfect, his manner courtly. He turned away, bidding Mr. Bottom a pleasant journey. And as he entered the waiting carriage he heard that rejuvenated person cry out:

"Now, Casey, we've just time for another helpin'—an' I think a couple of more onions would improve it. This is a great discovery you've got here—"

John Johnson of St. Peter and St. Paul

(Continued from page 11)

sion had been that it would give the Governor the opportunity of appointing politicians. When the names of the appointees were taken back to the Senate that body, though informally notified of the Governor's action, then and there got up on its feet and confirmed his choice!

Probably never before in the history of Minnesota has so much muscular and beneficial legislation been passed as during the years in which Johnson has been Governor. During his two terms there have been reforms in the Dairy and Food Department; the office of Public Examiner has been made more efficient; the assessed valuation of iron mines and public service corporations has been increased by more than \$50,000,000; the Department of Education has been taken out of politics; the State prison binder-twine plant has increased its output to a point where it is in active competition with the Cordage Trust; a free Labor and Employment Bureau has been instituted; child labor has been newly restrained; the Railroad and Warehouse Commission was given a new meaning by new legislation; a reciprocal-demurrage law was passed, so that railroads are obliged to pay shippers for delays in furnishing cars; a law was enacted permitting municipal ownership of public utilities; the old common law fellow-servant rule, by which under certain conditions working men were unjustly shut off from obtaining damages from their employers for personal injuries, was abolished; a two-cent passenger fare was put into effect.

The time was ripe for most of this action; the Legislature would have passed much of it, Johnson or no Johnson. "But yet there is a lot of it," said a Republican member of the House, "that belonged to him."

The Governor is not of the browbeating kind. And yet he has a gifted way of showing determination. Little hesitation does he use when once his mind is settled upon the right and wrong of a matter. "He made mince-meat of a bill to pension Indian war veterans," says the present editor of Johnson's old newspaper with a smile. "I guess that was a pretty ragged piece of legislation. It let in almost everybody who had heard or read of the Sioux massacre down here in '62. Why, Johnson himself could have drawn a pension under the terms of that bill, because his father had carried arms to protect this settlement. And yet you can see it was popular enough with those who thought they'd draw something. John vetoed it hard! It was wrong! That's as far as he can see. And somehow everybody liked him about as well after he did it."

The people go on liking him. They sent him back to office in 1906 with a plurality of over 70,000. He had gone before them with the slogan: "One good term deserves another." And the Republican State granted that their Democratic Governor was right about it.

"Johnson," says the St. Paul lawyer who loves politics well and the Governor bet-

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The New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove, thirty seconds after the touch of the match, will deliver at the stove top a strong, clean heat of great working power.

More than that, you may run it for hours continuously; bake bread and cake; prepare a meal or do the weekly ironing; and for the whole time never be conscious of undue heat because of the stove. In this respect the

NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is unique. Its remarkable concentration of heat at the one point necessary makes summer cooking a daily pleasure. As its name indicates, this stove is perfect—safe, economical, efficient—ideal for every purpose of a cooking stove. Made in three sizes, fully warranted. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** gives a light more agreeable than the distressing flicker of gas or the blinding glare of electric bulbs. One's eyes never tire reading by the **Rayo**. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

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Colorado, the one country where the "game of Scottish Kings" has an ideal setting. You thrill with new energy—you drive as you have never driven before—you are all day in an atmosphere laden with the health of pines and firs—within sight of snow capped peaks, superbly colored rocks and precipices, grand canons, rushing rivers—Nature's sublimest works. Go to Colorado this year for your vacation, via

"Rock Island to the Rockies"

The newly equipped Rocky Mountain Limited is but one night on the road—Chicago to Denver or Colorado Springs direct. Several other fast daily trains from both St. Louis and Chicago. To insure a pleasurable trip, there are compartment-observation cars, unique buffet-library-observation cars with barber and valet to press garments. Mission style dining cars, too, service a la carte.

Low summer rates to Colorado effective daily until September 30th. Also special rates to all Pacific Coast points daily until September 15th.

Send for beautifully illustrated booklet—"Under the Turquoise Sky."

JOHN SEBASTIAN
Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island Lines, 1764 La Salle Station, Chicago

Rock Island



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To every reader of Collier's Weekly who is interested in nature or animals or out-door life we will send, without charge, the four beautiful pictures shown in the accompanying illustration, which retail at fifty cents each. They are printed on heavy plate paper, ready for framing.

"The camera is not a nature-faker"



Do not confuse these with cheap pictures. They sell at Art Stores for 50 cents each.

These pictures are unusually good examples of the art of color printing. They can be framed at moderate cost or used just as they are. The subjects represented are such as will appeal to nature-lovers generally; they make excellent decorations for the "den." Exact size of pictures, 10½ x 7½ inches.

WHY WE MAKE THIS OFFER

We send these pictures to advertise our **Standard Library of Natural History**, which has just been completed after years of labor and at enormous expense. It contains over 2,000 illustrations from actual photographs—secured in many cases by special expeditions to foreign lands. It is the only thoroughly readable and entertaining work of its kind in existence. The salient facts about animals are told in a graphic, untechnical fashion by eminent authorities. *Experts and the camera have made this book, and in it "nature-fakers" have had no part.*

NO OBLIGATION

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the Library. We will forward the pictures, with a description of the books, by mail postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers. As a guarantee of good faith, and to defray cost of packing and postage, send only ten cents (stamps or coin). Mail the accompanying coupon promptly, as the supply of pictures is limited.

The University Society, 78 Fifth Ave., New York

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, New York
Please send me, postpaid, the four pictures you offer with a description of the Standard Library of Natural History. It is understood that the sending of this coupon does not in any way bind me to buy anything.
Name _____ Address _____
Collier's, 6-27-18



Which Shall It Be?

Home-baked Beans or Van Camp's?

On one side the beans are mushy and broken, because you have baked in dry heat.

The other beans are baked in live steam. They are all baked alike—baked until they are mealy. Yet they are nutty because they are whole.

On one side the beans are heavy and hard to digest, for you lack sufficient heat. They ferment and form gas.

Van Camp's are baked at 245 degrees. That fierce heat separates the particles so the digestive juices can get to them.

Then we bake the beans, the tomato

sauce and the pork all together, and get our delicious blend.

On one side is the bother of soaking, boiling and baking. The other beans are all ready. Heat the can in hot water, then open. The dish is as fresh and savory as when it was freshly baked.

Let your people decide which they want.

Serve both your beans and Van Camp's, and see which they ask for next. And be glad of their choice. For 'twill save you the bother of baking beans, and let our chef cook for you.

Van Camp's pork and beans baked with tomato sauce

You don't know how good beans can be until you once try Van Camp's.

We pay \$2.50 per bushel to get the choicest Michigan beans. We could buy beans for 30 cents. But ours are picked out by hand to give us only the whitest, the plumpest, the very cream of the crop.

We could buy tomato sauce ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours. But it would lack the rich-

ness, the sparkling zest, which we get from vine-ripened tomatoes.

We believe that the best beans, baked with the best sauce, are cheap enough. And millions of people agree with us.

For beans are Nature's choicest food, when they are rightly cooked. They are like meat in their food value, and not like it in cost. Try serving such beans as your people want often, and see what you save on meat.

Prices: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.



Enameling A Bedroom

Any woman can produce a beautiful effect by enameling the furniture and woodwork of her bedroom to harmonize with the decorations and draperies, following any color scheme whatever.

Neal's Enamels, Acme Quality, produce a smooth lustrous porcelain-like finish in all shades from rich, dark colors to delicate tints and pure white. Anyone can apply them successfully and with little trouble.

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes are wonder-workers about the home. If there's a surface to be finished, there's an Acme Quality specialty to exactly fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes tells you just what to use and how to use it no matter what the work may be—old or new—wood or metal. Write for it and it will be sent free.

Ask the practical painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints for the outside of your house.

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Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living.

This is the mark to guide you in buying right finishes for every purpose. You'll see it on the can.

ter, "is just what he set out to be—a first-class hired man. And the State raised his salary from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a year. He needed it, by the way. And let me give you some advice. It wasn't long ago that the strike was on up in the Mesaba Range district in the ore mines. Just find out how the Governor handled that."

It is necessary to explain perhaps that this range in northern Minnesota, not far from Duluth, is the richest deposit of iron in our country, and that the mines of this district are worked by laborers, a large proportion of whom are foreigners. It is a country of hard faces and strange tongues. Into this region came the Western Federation of Miners.

The combination of this particular labor federation and the type of laborer employed in the Range was not a happy one. Finns, Poles, and Slavs accepted the union and looked upon it as a form of anarchy, to be highly approved. The mistake was theirs. And a few months ago a strike came on.

Up in the district men were parading with red flags and preaching on the streets destruction of property. Violence had raised its head. Not a mine owner had the slightest faith that a serious, bloody, and destructive outbreak of great area and intensity could be averted except by the immediate presence of the militia. Telegrams were sent to the Governor, instructions were given to attorneys in St. Paul to insist upon the presence of troops.

The Governor informed the Adjutant-General to be in readiness. Plans were made. A mobilization of the State military was arranged; on a map of the district was sketched out the entire plan of campaign. No one who knew the situation was ever free from the fear of an actual clash between the miners and the soldiers. Certainly any delay meant increased dangers. But Johnson delayed.

A Fact Hunt

FOR a day he was busy picking up the facts about the strike. Attorneys, agents, common citizens besieged him with supplications, demands, and threats. Some argued. Some stormed. Two lawyers of high standing, representing no one but themselves, said that not to send the troops at once was little short of criminal. Johnson listened and smiled, just as he had listened and smiled at irate subscribers when he, four years before, had been the editor of the country newspaper. And finally the Governor of Minnesota announced that he was going up to the Range himself.

"And you will take—?"

"I am going alone," said he.

In fact, he went alone. He caught a train and went up to the scene of the trouble. He saw the operators and heard their side of it; he talked with the miners and saw their point of view.

Finally Johnson returned to St. Paul, still walking with his strange stride, still a bit non-committal about his opinion of the strike, and everything in general, still smiling quietly. And the troops did not go up to the Mesaba Range.

"All in all," says the St. Paul attorney who had a hand in making the Governor, "Johnson, whom the Easterners regard as the conventional figure of a man who has come up from an impoverished boyhood to real and well-deserved honors, is not a conventional figure at all."

"I have seen him twice and talked for some time with him on both occasions."

"Then you know," returns the lawyer, "he is strange."

Johnson is strange.

The caller upon the Governor of Minnesota finds that this is true.

The visitor has been told that Johnson is ugly. Probably it is true. And one would have to define the adjective before using it again. He may be ugly, but one experiences a distinct pleasure in looking at him. His loose, long-boned movements, which seem to have their beginning in the slow, shifting expressions of his sad and smiling face, and their end in the subtle gesticulation of his long fingers, are immediately and strangely suggestive of a comfortable personality that has sympathy and is absolutely free from every affectation. Before he speaks, it is perfectly evident that, because you walk about in a man's skin, he will be a bit fond of you.

Later, when you go with him into his private room, and see him throw one leg up on to the corner of the desk, and absentmindedly draw squares on a pamphlet while he looks you in the eye and tells you what he thinks about national affairs, you realize that dignity is not altogether dependent upon wearing

an austere black tie and sitting upright in a desk chair with a closed fist on the edge of an executive table.

Nor does he talk formally, weighing his words or measuring his sentences. He has a simple way of stating his opinions. He is never oratorical or assertive. Sometimes he gives his views with complete assurance, as when he says we ought to have public ownership of domestic necessities, or when he launches slowly forth into a quiet vituperation of stock-watering, sure that the evil exists, and at the same moment uncertain and hesitating about a cure. At other times he speaks without confidence, feeling his way along.

Is He a Great Man?

JOHNSON has a natural leaning toward interest only in the business of the moment—toward well-defined questions and detailed issues. He seizes quickly that which is practical, and his first instinct is to test all action by its immediate expediency. Holding this instinct in check are certain formal ideas. For instance, it may be conceived that sometimes it is expedient to steal, but the party platform of the Christian is against it; it is sometimes expedient to enact Federal legislation which will tread upon the heels of the State, but the commandments of democracy forbid. Johnson is pressed upon two sides, but it is the conventional principles which have the absolute mastery over him. Some of them he understands; the why and wherefore of others he does not seem to know. But he will follow them with his own peculiar undemonstrative tenacity to the end. His kind of mind is not one that takes heed and advice beyond the period of research, through which he invariably goes when a question comes to him. The charge of "corporation influence" that his enemies have begun to cast upon him seems absurd. To be sure, he will listen to the corporations or to anybody else during the investigative openness of his mind. But Johnson's conclusions and Johnson's acts will ever be his own. His kind of life—the independence of hardship—has developed in him that Myself that no man ever reaches.

And yet that Myself of Johnson seems a very ordinary creature, working with very ordinary tools. One would not say apart from Johnson's acts that he was a great man, one would not say he was, now that he approaches fifty years of age, a very mature man. His lack of a conventional education does not greatly impair the clear-thinking capacity of his mind, but it makes Johnson afraid that it does. That he has been for the greater part of his life shut in by the narrow horizon of a little town does not prevent him from looking about for broad aspects. Johnson's mind does not fare forth to explore. It stays at home and works very efficiently and carefully upon everything that knocks upon its door. One can not say offhand that such a mind, if it keeps on, may not make a great man; one can not say that the rapidly growing Johnson will not some day be great. But it occurs to one looking at the Governor in his private office in St. Paul that most great men have gone hard at life. Johnson stands up and lets life come at him!

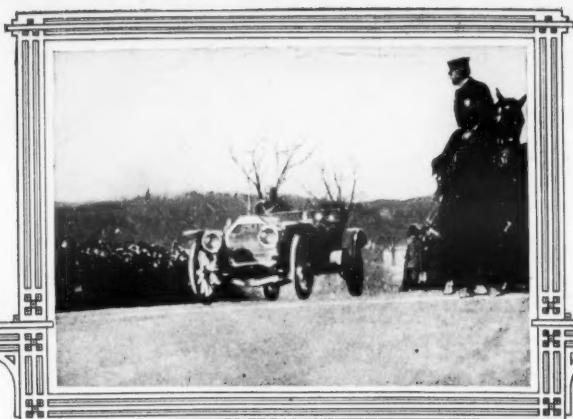
Democracy on Trial

HE can not see, so far as this conversation with him has disclosed, that the greatest political issue that can be raised in this country to-day is not concerned with the banded business questions or even with Johnson's tariff ideas, to which he always returns. He can not see that it is a broad and profound problem of philosophy. He can not see that it is not an economic, but a social, question. He can not see that the great American problem has become once more a question of the success or failure of democracy. He can not see that the theories of the founders of this nation are contesting to-day in a final struggle with governmental paternalism. He can not see that Socialism stares at us on one hand and centralization of government on the other. He can not see that his party has again a real issue; that, long lost, it is now within sight of a bright, guiding star. Johnson is busy looking for a path along the ground.

Yet, perhaps, he will see, after all. When one speaks of his narrowness of vision, one is speaking of his limitations. And, looking at this man leaning forward over his desk, there comes once more to the mind the words of a Minnesota judge: "While you are talking about his limitations—and I don't deny he has 'em—he is jumping them. Johnson grows!"

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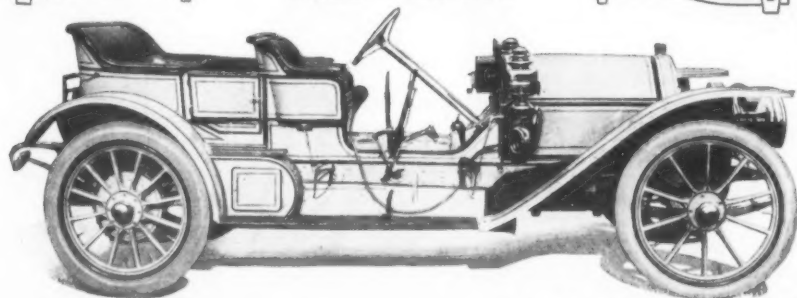
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9869 Cupid's Wedding March (Bells solo) Morse	Albert Benzler
9870 O'Brien Has No Place To Go (Evans & Murphy)	Edward Meeker
9871 Whistling and Singing Farmer Boys (Fulton)	Harlan and Belmont
9872 Smarmy (Von Tilzer & Norworth)	Ada Jones
9873 Fawn Eyes (Johnson)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9874 Parson Jones Three Reasons (Longbrake)	Arthur Collins
9875 When We Are M-A-D-Double-R-I-E-D (One of the successful songs in "The Talk of New York") George M. Cohan	Ada Jones and Billy Murray
9876 Queen of the Earth (Pinsun)	Alan Turner
9877 Whistling—Intermezzo (Introducing a chorus of whistlers) Copeland	Edison Military Band
9878 You Have Changed the Winter in My Heart to Glad Spring-Time (Havez)	Manuel Roman
9879 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder (Hymn) Black	Edison Mixed Quartette
9880 I Was a Hero, Too (Sam Bernard's big success in the musical comedy "Nearly a Hero") Van Alstyne & Williams	Billy Murray
9881 Medley of Irish Jigs (Accordion solo) Original	John Kimble
9882 Topeka (Indian Song) Jones & O'Dea	Frederick H. Potter and Chorus
9883 Nothing Hardly Ever Bothers Me (A jolly coon duet) Von Tilzer & Norworth	Collins and Harlan
9884 If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live (Solman & Maguire)	Allen Waterous
9885 The Rose of Mexico Waltz (A typical Spanish waltz) Dunn	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9886 Common Sense (Another song hit by the writers of "He's a Cousin of Mine") Smith & Larkins	Bob Roberts
9887 The Frisky Farmer and the Modest Manicure (Vaudeville sketch)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
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9889 Cubs on Parade March (Hemple)	Edison Military Band

Five New Grand Opera Records

B. 65 Eri tu ("And would'st thou") "Un Ballo in Maschera"	Verdi
By Antonio Scotti, Baritone. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment.	
B. 66 Siede la vampa ("Fierce flames were raging") "Il Trovatore"	Verdi
By Mme. Jacoby, Contralto. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment.	
B. 67 Sono un poeta ("I am a poet") "La Boheme"	Puccini
By Florencio Constantino, Tenor. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment.	
B. 68 Ihr heisset mich willkommen ("Ye bid me welcome") "Der Trompeter von Sackingen"	Nessler
By Otto Goritz, Baritone. Sung in German, Orchestra Accompaniment.	
B. 112 Il fior che avevi a me tu dato ("The flower you gave to me") "Carmen"	Bizet
By Angiolo Finucci, Tenor. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment.	

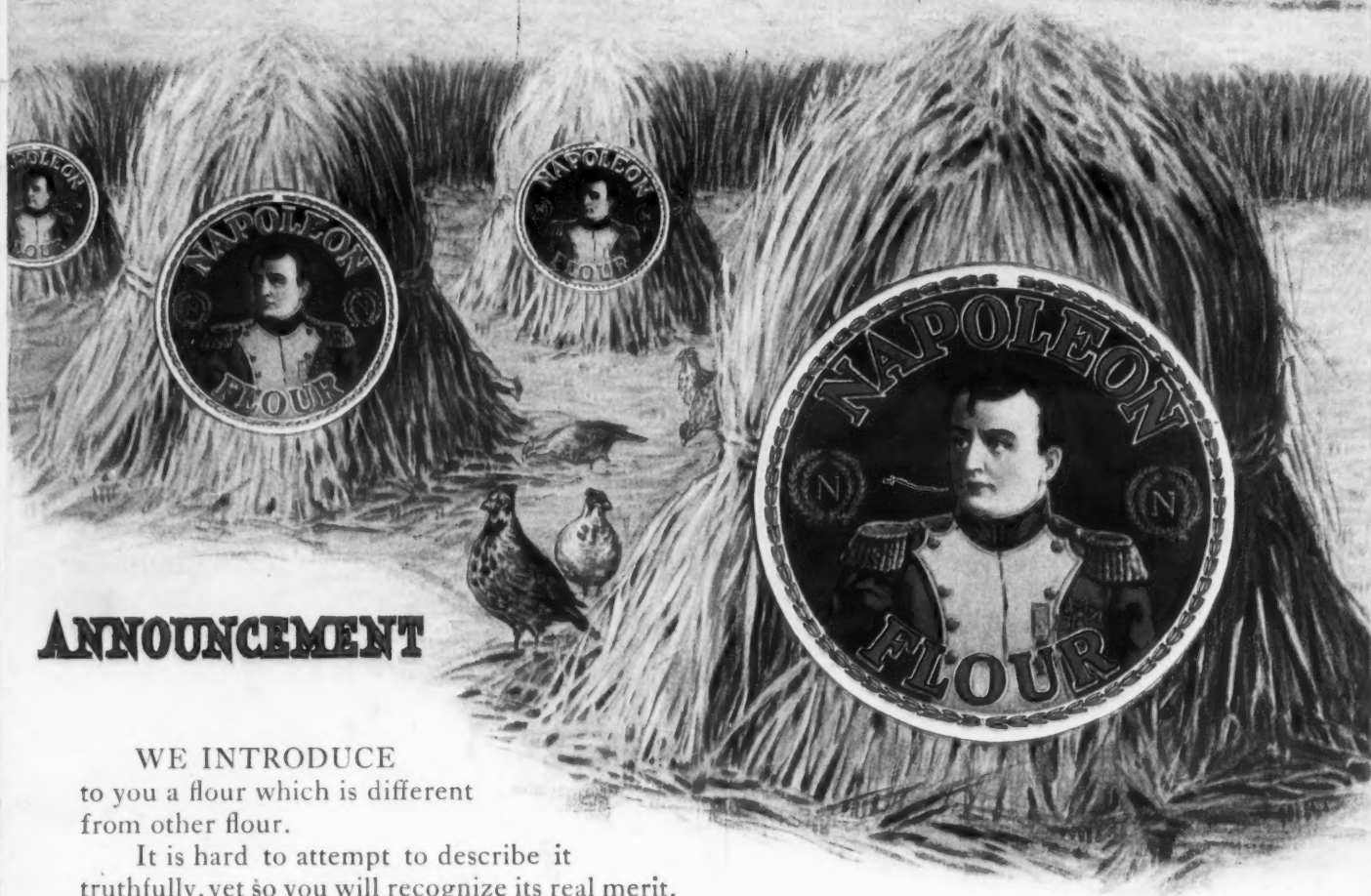
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